The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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IN MEMORIAM

AS WE begin writing this editorial, we are acutely conscious of the fact that Franz von Papen predicted that Chancellor Hitler would guarantee Austria's independence in his Reichstag speech. Two days later Der Fuehrer gave no pledge that German penetration in Austria would not erase that friendless and hapless country's autonomy. We also recall that Anthony Eden told the House of Commons that Britain was willing to consult with Italy about Austria, but that she refused to take the initiative. The following day Prime Minister Chamberlain invited the Italian Ambassador to 10 Downing Street.

In view of the extreme fluidity in international affairs and the almost impenetrable fog that settled down over the ominous international scene, whatever opinions and observations we may have the temerity to set down must be regarded as of the most tentative character. The most lasting impression we received from an analysis of the vast amount of material at our disposal centered upon the startling completeness and finality that marked the passing of the old post-war order of things and the brusque inauguration of a new era in the history of Europe.

In the sixteenth century, the powerful army of the Turkish Sultan, Suleiman the Magnificent, captured Belgrade. The battle of Mohacs marked the extinction of an independent and united Hungarian state. The victorious Sultan then carried the war into Austria. In 1529 he bombarded and invested Vienna, but so valiant was the resistance offered that after three weeks the siege was abandoned. A century and a half later the Turks again laid siege to Vienna and would have captured it had not John Sobieski brought timely aid to the beleaguered Austrians. Last week the city that had upon two memorable occasions checked the Mohammedan advance in Europe, the city that was universally regarded as one of the strong-

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est outposts of Christendom surrendered, not to invasion but to the threat of invasion, not to believers in God but to those who are properly numbered among the worst enemies of religion—Christian apostates. And there was no contemporary Sobieski—neither Polish, nor French, nor British, nor Italian. In Austria's hour of dire need, those statesmen who had paid such heroic lip-service to the cause of democracy and religious freedom shrugged their shoulders, sighed and turned away. The Italian dictator, Austria's loyal and devoted friend, went skiing.

We do not believe that the Nazis will relinquish their aim to abolish Christianity and substitute in its place a pagan racial cult. We have small confidence in the report that Austria was able to secure the assurance, as the price of surrender, that its glorious Christian religious traditions would not be suppressed. They most certainly will be suppressed. As the relentless *drang nach osten* proceeds, political and religious liberty will be destroyed. Silence will reign in the parliaments. One by one the votive lamps in Eastern Europe will be extinguished. And the swastika will be over all.

Only a few years ago at Stresa, Great Britain confirmed its earlier declarations regarding the maintenance of Austrian political independence. Today Britain is so obsessed by fear of another air raid over London that it gives but little thought to any international agreement that is not directly related to the problem of her own survival. What price armaments? Just prior to Hitler's Reichstag speech, Britain tried to come to terms with Italy so as to give Der Fuehrer pause. But Hitler was not easily frightened by the remote prospect of a British-French-Italian coalition against him. He lectured England severely and repeated his demands for colonies at England's expense. Anthony Eden, long opposed to the granting of concessions to the German and Italian dictators which the majority in the British Cabinet favored, resigned his post as Foreign Minister. Prime Minister Chamberlain will now try to meet Hitler's demands with what grace he can muster. The swastika, in all likelihood, will fly over Germany's former African colonies.

Hitler's militant and intolerant speech not only marked the beginning of the diminution of Britain's vast empire but emphasized a great reduction in the proud rôle that France has been accustomed to play in European affairs. France may speed up her armament program; but a few more battleships and airplanes will not suffice, in our opinion, to win back her old place and prestige. She will not go to the aid of Czechoslovakia because Italy threatens her North African colonies. Germany has undoubtedly usurped the leadership previously exercised by France. Hitler declared that Germany has no territorial claim against France but indicated that France henceforth will be compelled to refrain from exerting political influence outside her own empire.

The Reichstag speech also directed attention to the hopeless position of the League of Nations.

"I cannot understand," Hitler declared, "why a nation which itself has been robbed by force should join such illustrious company and I cannot permit the conclusion to be drawn that we should not be prepared to fight for the principles of justice just because we are not in the League of Nations. On the contrary, we do not belong to the League of Nations because we believe that it is not an institution of justice but an institution for defending the interests of Versailles."

Whatever pacts and treaties are negotiated in the future will not be inspired by the League, nor will they be under League auspices. The League, so far as its political functions are concerned, is definitely doomed.

Germany has no territorial ambitions in Spain but served notice on the world that it would oppose "any attempt at spreading bolshevism, wherever it may take place, with disdain, and wherever it threatens us, with hostility." We may therefore expect the rigid exclusion of Russia from participation in the councils of Europe.

Limitations of space forbid us making more than one final comment. Injustice was rampant in post-war Europe; but the cause of justice is not served by the rapid rise of Nazi totalitarianism. We have repeatedly assailed the Versailles Treaty. But is it not certain that peace terms in Eastern Europe will be dictated by Berlin? We may expect that the same arguments which Hitler used against the Versailles Treaty will apply against him with redoubled force in the months and years to come.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

THE ANTI-LYNCHING bill was finally shelved. During the prolonged filibuster important business could not be brought before the Senate without the consent of a small minority of its membership. Despite this severe handicap in the conduct of public affairs, the administration concentrated all the forces of government upon the vitally necessary problem of checking the current business recession. Chairman Jesse Jones of the RFC announced that, under instructions from President Roosevelt, his agency was prepared to resume its lending activities to business and industry. The House Labor Committee began consideration of a new wages and hours bill. William Green, A.F.L. president, issued a warning against the creation of a federal wage board or the appointment of a fed-

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eral wage administrator with broad powers. The federation will submit its positive recommendations to the House committee in the near future. Special attention was being devoted to the critical rail problem. The hope has been expressed that Congress will permit the consolidation of the railroads for the purpose of eliminating wasteful competition.

U.S.S.R. 1917-1938

IN THE first of the Georgetown Sesquicentennial Lectures this year, Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., asserted that the fortunes of the Soviet state, and of its ally, World Communism, are at the lowest ebb since 1917. As evidence of internal breakdown, he cites the fact that Walter Duranty has returned to Moscow. Every time a crisis threatens, this veteran international journalist will be found at his post, though he may have been absent from Moscow for long periods before the danger threatened. But more weighty evidence is at hand. Early in February, Alexander Troyanovsky, Soviet Ambassador to the United States, abandoned the accepted diplomatic usage which forbids ambassadors or ministers of foreign states to appeal directly to the people among whom they reside, by publicly advocating an alliance with Soviet Russia, of which the United States should form part. Josef Stalin's frantic appeal to the international proletariat to stand by for the final crisis clearly reaffirmed the thesis for world revolution for support of which Trotsky was exiled. Neither Mr. Troyanovsky nor Mr. Stalin, however, have yet indicated how the idea of a Soviet-American alliance can be reconciled with the idea of world revolution to encompass the downfall of capitalistic nations. Finally, panic has seized many members of the Soviet diplomatic service who have not only refused to return to Russia but have fled from the countries to which they had been accredited.

THE OMINOUS impression derived from Dr. Walsh's survey is confirmed by a recent dispatch from Estonia which revealed that two Soviet Red Army air officers had fled Russia to avoid arrest in connection with an extensive purge in the Soviet Air Force. The officers declared that many hundreds of army aviators were involved in the purge, most of them having disappeared without leaving a trace. Competent observers have estimated that approximately 5,000 persons have been executed in "democratic" Russia during the past year. Those who conducted this frightful purge are themselves in grave danger of being destroyed. In two decades all terroristic attempts to create a new type of civilization on the ruins of the Russian Empire have failed. The ghastly Communist experiment has about run its course.

Prices and Debts

THE PRESIDENT'S price interview seemed to be considered reasonable and clear by most newspapers, but not very constructive, because it contained no inclusive and specific program for achieving the objectives he outlined. One element of the interview seemed consistently underplayed. There were three chief elements in all: the relations of various prices to each other, the direction and rate of movement of the general price level, and "the relations between commodity price levels and the levels of debt burdens and costs." It was the last that seemed left most vague. Declarations for easy credit and no inflation were perhaps comments on this problem. There was also a passage about "loan dollars," with the ideal apparently set of maintaining an even buying capacity for the average borrowed dollar. People should pay off debts with dollars that buy the same amount of goods as the dollars they were loaned. But this does not seem the whole problem of debt burdens and costs, although in itself it is difficult enough. It is not only the buying power of the dollar a business or person goes into debt to get, but also the absolute amount they go into debt at all and also the proportion of their financing they accomplish through credit. While it seems fair that the value of the dollar should be even between borrowing and repaying, it still seems wise that the proportion and amount of borrowing should be reduced just as much as possible.

Satellites

REPORTING on population trends in the United States, the National Resources Committee recalls that before the year 1820, no American city had more than 100,000 inhabitants. Today half the population lives in cities of at least 100,000. The country's definitely urban population is estimated at 70,000,000, and by 1960 it is expected to approximate 82,400,000. During the depression there was a temporary reversal of the trend, and about 2,000,000 persons moved back to rural communities, but that this was not a free and deliberate choice is shown by the fact that 500,000 of the migrants went back to "problem counties" where the land already farmed was submarginal. The type of community growing fastest and most freely is apparently the "satellite city" and "satellite rural area" within the great metropolitan districts. "The satellite rural areas are growing faster than any other type of community in the nation." Unfortunately, we have no very good description of these areas. The centers of urban areas certainly need no increase in population. It would appear that in so far as these newly growing districts are indeed satellite and not parasite, they represent a definitely hopeful sociologial

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trend. To wipe out the exaggerated differences between town and country has long been a purpose, or at least hope, of those interested in building nations. Placing persons unsuccessful in the city on bad land in the country that should be used for forests, grazing or other conservational purposes does not appear a thoroughly reasonable means of countering the general sterility of excessive urbanism. Perhaps satellites can furnish a method of compromise between metropolitan industrialism and rustic isolationism and will bring something nearer a golden and creative mean.

Neo-paganism —What It Is Not

IT IS interesting to read that Dr. Roy G. Ross, executive secretary of the International Council of Religious Education, told that body a few days ago at its Chicago convention that lack of "the idealistic and ethical teachings of religion" is causing among millions of American youths "a growing apathy to the obligations of citizenship, social strife, indifference to the Church and neglect of the moral sanctions." This modern neglect of religion was properly described by Dr. Ross as paganism; and he was on solid ground when he warned the representatives of the forty-one Protestant denominations composing the International Council that Christians must reclaim, in a vitalized educational program of religion, the millions who, "growing up without the sphere of any religious influence, Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, . . ." constitute "the grave concern of both the Church and the State." American Catholics may with justice feel gratified that so many of the points basic to the Catholic conception of education—points, moreover, for which Catholics have battled for years in the face of hostility, express or implicit, on the part of their Protestant brethren—have now been adopted by the latter with such intelligence and good-will.

IT IS indeed becoming increasingly clear that the relation of Christianity to the individuals who make up our civilization is deeper and subtler than many unthinking Christians, of whatever group, had supposed. Christianity is not merely valid for reasons appreciable by the logician, the moralist and the philosopher. It is valid also for reasons that are becoming discernible to the psychologist. That is to say, when we assert that Christianity is, even now and even yet, the *form* (in the Scholastic sense) of what remains positive in our civilization, we assert even more than that it furnishes a Creed to be believed and a lofty moral law, with intelligible sanctions, to be obeyed. It furnishes also the norm of our inner life. The indoctrinated mind is never in health if it loses that belief; and so with the society that, having possessed Christian doctrine, now begins to lose it. It functions in an abnormal void. This loss of what may be called the instinctive life of the soul, or the native moral atmosphere of the group, quite as much as the loss of specific reasons for refraining from specific deeds, is what marks modern crime. We doubt (though we are open to instruction on the point) that the simpler paganism of antiquity was ever in quite this plight. Their deeds were often worse than ours; their consciences were never so uneasy.

Average Driver, Note

THE DRUNKEN driver, and the driver suffering from mental or physical defects which impair his control of a car, have both had a lengthy day in court. Now it appears to be the turn of the merely "average" driver to listen to an indictment of his motoring sins. Representing the General Motors Corporation, Dr. Ralph L. Lee told the Association of Highway Officials of the North Atlantic States, in convention assembled, that three-fourths of the motor accidents in this country are caused by ordinary human beings like you and me "doing things we already know are wrong." It is an uncomfortable admission to make; but anyone who has occasion to do steady traveling by motor has the realization forced upon him that this is the simple, unadorned truth. The chances which are constantly taken along motor highways by drivers who are not in the least "speed-merchants" or "joy-riders" are enough to make the observer very thoughtful indeed. Where there are a few feet to be gained in a press of cars, where a changing light can just be beaten, where it is too much trouble to look back before beginning to back, where an oncoming car on the main highway can be beaten from an intersection—in all these situations, and the dozen more like them which figure monotonously in traffic-accident reports, there are few drivers, unfortunately, who can be trusted to be poky and cautious. We know someone who has traveled by bus daily for several years to a city about fifty miles away. It is his considered assertion that the bus drivers (who are not only picked for their skill and coolness, but also forced by bond and the threat of automatic dismissal to avoid accidents) save the lives of either their passengers or some careless motorist disputing highway privileges with the bus, on an average of once a week. He claims that his observations over this period have convinced him that fully half the people driving private cars are temperamentally unfit to hold licenses. Dr. Lee did not voice quite so drastic a view, but contented himself with recommending more adequate highway policing. Unquestionably this will help; but if his 75 percent is really correct, it must be evident that it will have to be attacked by license cancellations as well.

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THE DISEASE THEORY OF CRIME

By JOHN P. McCAFFREY

UNDER date of September 10, 1937, there appeared in the Associated Press dispatches a report of two Chicago physicians who claimed that their researches had disclosed the existence of a disease that stimulated criminal tendencies. Tests based upon a microscopic and chemical analysis of spinal fluid indicated an abnormality of cell count that was in direct proportion to the extent of criminal character of the persons tested. The physicians, Dr. Brownstein and Dr. Levy, declared that they believed pathological disturbances are prime factors in making repeaters of criminals. In normal persons they found that the spinal fluid is clear and has few or no cells from diseased brain or spinal cord cells. In diseased persons these cells increase. Fluid extracted from nine repeaters revealed a cell count ranging from 26 to 137 per cubic centimeter. The normal count is 3 to 8. While the count showed only the possibility of known diseases such as meningitis, syphillis or paresis, the usual test for these illnesses disclosed the presence of a disease which as yet has no name. This they say proves that crime is a result of that unknown disease. But it is just as logical to say that this disease is the result of crime. The crimes and vices of these men may have induced the diseases whose end products showed up in the spinal fluid. It is surely a bit presumptuous to base a belief on the results of the tests of nine men. Besides, there is so much to be eliminated.

Upon how much evidence did they base the standard to which they compared the spinal fluid of the nine recidivists? The good doctors start out with an assumption and read that assumption into the facts, meager as they are. How unscientific do the scientists sometimes become!

The theory that crime is disease is, however, an old one that crops up again and again. The first serious modern advocates of this theory were the Behaviorists. They interpreted human actions as the result of environment on the body. The body was all they admitted, and its environment. When they went into anti-social conduct they were forced to explain it. This they did by saying that such action was the result of a diseased body reacting to its environment. Logically, then, crime to them is disease and the theory of human responsibility is given up. Clarence Darrow, imbued with this philosophy, argued that jails and prisons should be destroyed and hospitals built in their place. Crime must not be penalized but hospitalized.

Some years ago a Dr. Berman experimented at Sing Sing Prison along the same lines. His pet theory was endocrine glands. He sought to explain that crime is the result of malfunction of these endocrine glands and he made the headlines with his variation of the old assumption that crime is disease. He further specified that certain crimes are traceable to certain diseases. Dr. Berman sums up the results of his Sing Sing experiments as follows:

(1) "Crime is due (in the gestalt sense) to a perversion of the instinctive drives depending upon deficiency and imbalance of the endocrine glands." Here he states first of all that crime is due to the instinctive drives going wrong. Secondly, that the cause of this is a deficiency or lack of balance in the endocrine glands.

(2) "Certain types of crimes are associated with certain types of endocrine malfunctioning." Here we have the theory that if a certain gland is deficient or out of balance a certain crime can be traced to this particular gland and condition.

(3) "Most criminals are derived from juvenile delinquents and most juvenile delinquents tend to become criminals." This sounds like a platitude expressed in the old psalmodic parallelism.

(4) "Endocrine imbalance and deficiency have been found to occur in about the same frequency in juvenile delinquents as in criminals." His study of criminals embraced 250 cases; his study of juvenile delinquents possibly 250 more. On this scant information he bases his startling discovery.

(5) "Modern treatment of the endocrine condition in juvenile delinquents has resulted in the correction of the delinquent behavior." Therefore, according to Dr. Berman, the cause of crime was the gland condition. This is the whole point that must be proved. His method of reasoning is the old fallacy of post hoc, ergo propter hoc. Berman assumes what he should prove. He has to prove the point that crime is due to this gland malfunctioning, and, of course, this is something that he cannot prove.

(6) "Juvenile delinquency and its sequel, crime, can be prevented by proper attention to the status of the different endocrines which contribute to the development of the normal social personality during childhood and adolescence." This is a sequel to the assumption that gland malfunctioning is the cause of crime, which must be proven first before this deduction is valid, and since it cannot be proven this deduction as well must be thrown out.

(7) "All our concepts of justice, punishment and crime must be reconstructed in the light of these findings." Dr. Berman, of course, does not

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even entertain the possibility that his findings are not true. The whole world is all wrong with the exception of Dr. Berman and his followers. I thing the saner process is to wait until the facts are completely assembled and examined before we even dream of touching "our concepts of justice, punishment and crime."

Dr. Berman's conclusions were so startling that I thought he might possibly be an impostor who never was inside the walls of Sing Sing Prison. But when I investigated I found that he came here every Monday for a period of a year or more and then intermittently for possibly another year. His study embraced at most 250 cases. At the time, there were about 2,400 men in Sing Sing Prison and 15,000 men in the prisons of New York State; yet upon these 250 cases the doctor bases his revolutionary theory with all its consquences.

Concerning his actual experiments, he gave the usual tests of basal metabolism which give indications of a disturbance in the thyroid gland. He took X-ray pictures, about a hundred or so, of the glands and their condition; and then he claims that he did a certain amount of examination in blood chemistry. In other words, his studies were concerned only with those men who showed definite signs of glandular disturbances. He went looking for individuals who presented indications of this trouble. In other words, he went looking for what he wanted to see. He picked out the very people who might prove his theory. He did not take the whole population and find out how many of them showed no signs of glandular trouble, but he assumed this theory and then went searching just for the facts that would prove his theory. The other facts that would disprove his theory he refused to see. It reminds one of the experiments of Lombroso who went through the jails of Italy and some of the other countries of Europe looking for the stigmata of crime and passing over completely the many men in jail who showed no such stigmata.

The X-ray examination of the glands is in its infancy. An enlarged thyroid will show up but the all important pituitary gland or the adrenal glands cannot be reached by the X-ray. This is due not only to the nature of the X-ray which catches bones and solids but it is likewise due to the fact that we are unable to reach the glands in question to bismuthize them or render them objective by a background of light or mineral salt. Shadows of these glands are extremely hard to interpret, as all X-ray technicians know. Sometimes an enlarged opening is indicated. This may or may not mean disease. Sometimes what looks to be a normal condition on the plate is projected by a disease condition in the gland. His X-ray pictures covered about one-half of his 250 men.

His examinations in blood chemistry covered about 100 men. Of course, blood chemistry could reveal the presence of gland secretions in the blood stream or blood conditions that depended upon these secretions: such as liver secretions in the blood stream due to the reaction of the adrenal glands on the liver. Granting that he made 250 examinations and found these specimens hypercharged with glandular traces, what exactly does it prove? It proves that these men in whom physical traces of glandular upset were found showed a blood condition that was just the thing to be expected. What about his comparison with the normal blood streams? Instead of looking for the theory in the facts, he found the facts in the theory; which, of course, is deplorable science and the worst kind of logic.

So much for his actual experiments. Now what about his conclusions.

Does glandular condition have a relation to crime? In certain cases I think it does. In prisoners who are emotionally unstable, we often find a physical basis in upset glandular balance or glandular deficiency. In many sex crimes and crimes of physical assault there may often be a physical basis for the resultant conduct. But, to conclude that all physical attacks on person and all sex crimes are the results of the glandular trouble is certainly not logic and not based upon facts. To go still further and conclude that crime is due to glandular deficiency or glandular imbalance is a still more violent breach of the laws of logic and is likewise contrary to the facts. The prophet has overstated his conclusions based as they were on a very slim experimental footing.

What is the purpose behind the glandular theory? The glandular theory of crime is out and out physical causation. It knocks out the idea of the personal freedom of the will and it overthrows all idea of responsibility. The people who say that crime is disease are seeking for an explanation of a question very perplexing to themselves. As they are complete mechanists they do not believe in soul-factors such as character, personality, spiritual motivation, strength of will, etc., and very often they do not believe in mind factors. They do not accept a permanent mind substance. For them thought is the end product of the nervous system, of the spinal cord; and therefore they are forced to look for the explanation of crime in body factors. How natural then for them to say that crime is caused by some maladjustment of the physical organs.

The greatest difficulty for mechanists is to explain conduct that is out of the ordinary. The only place they can go to is the body and the latest tendency is to pick out one organ or one department and place the whole explanation there. This whole procedure is very illogical and completely unsupported by the facts that we have.

About ten years ago I read an account in the newspapers of a professor in a Western university

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who tried to explain all crime on the basis of deficient eyesight. His theory was this: Going about with faulty vision sets up a condition in the optic nerve that reacts on the visual area in the brain and causes such disturbances that anti-social action results. He was not satisfied with saying that crime was disease. He went further and said that all crime is eye disease. And so on to absurdity.

Not only the people who believe in soul factors as explaining crime but also the upholders of mind factors, the psychiatrists, quarrel with the mechanists and the advocates of the gland theory. They naturally do not like to be brushed aside by the "physicalists." They also take up arms in defense of the stand that the explanation of crime must be sought in mind factors rather than in body factors. They are willing, as is any sensible man, to admit that physical factors may contribute to the situation but they certainly question the theory that crime is caused by disease.

As an explanation of crime, Dr. Berman's theory of glandular imbalance and the theories of Dr. Brownstein and Dr. Levy can be passed over by saying that the good doctors when they ask thinking men to accept their statements are very probably, in their own sense of physical causation, suffering from an over-active condition of the gall bladder.

REGENERATION?

By C. C. MARTINDALE

AFTER a dinner recently held in London, at which all the guests were distinguished in their line—doctors, psychologists, lawyers, historians, anthropologists, even financiers and politicians—a discussion took place on the slightly stale topic: "Is our race degenerating?"

"What race?" it was asked. "The human stock? The white race? The English race?" The discussion was narrowed down to the last-named; but since it was agreed that, should certain tendencies not be checked, we would be degenerating, and since some of these tendencies are visible elsewhere than in England, the matter is relevant to dwellers not within these shores.

"Degeneration" had then to be defined. Did it mean physical, or intellectual, or moral (in the wider sense as in the narrower), or social deterioration? These sorts of possible degeneration were found to be intertwined, and the speeches flitted to and fro amongst them.

As to physique, I am not pessimistic, but worried. I am on a committee which obtains clothes and jobs for men and boys on probation. Many well-to-do men send us clothes. We find they are all too large. Idle to argue that the race is larger, since we cannot get into the armor worn by our ancestors. There is no proof that a race of big barons and one of small serfs co-existed. But now there are, it seems, a larger and a smaller race, co-existing within one civilization.

To what may this be due? I seem to notice in the poorer parts of our cities that the people are not starved, frozen or naked, but are habitually rather underfed, underwarmed and ill-clothed. Much of their food is fake-food, and they eat it irregularly. They "pick up" a jellied eel or a saveloy "when the fancy takes them." Now in South Africa, native children in our Catholic missions are infinitely healthier than outside them. They do not eat more, nor different material, but they eat it regularly instead of stuffing themselves with mealies till they happen to make a kill, and then gorging on meat. I might add that the man who produces fake-food deserves execution more than does the Negro who rapes and ruins a white girl. He rots the food-supply of the people, and so destroys their physique at its vital source.

Clothes should mean warmth. Of course a "poor" house can be kept "warm" by excluding all air, and what to us would be asphyxiating could be called "cozy." But outside the home you cannot do that. This affects girls more than men. Girls are more cinema-minded. They must have an exiguous but passionate evening frock, even if they wear it all day beneath their over-alls. As for men, the instalment system issues into fake-clothes. I mean, if they feel they must be smart, they buy pointed yellow boots made (apparently) of paper. These melt in the mud when six out of ten instalments have been paid, the vendor having already made quite 100 percent. The boy then has to go into debt to buy a new pair, or he desponds and bolts, having, incidentally, caught cold—a cold which, in view of under-nourishment, easily becomes pneumonia.

When I was first in New Zealand, it was customary on any Saturday for one out of twenty males, infants and the elderly included, to be playing rugger—not merely watching or, nor still less watching electric boards or reading results next day, having bet on those results. Herein we, without doubt, have gone downhill and, I fear, New Zealand and certainly Australia are going, so that the physique suffers.

Again, youth, it appears, likes to be called by the middle-aged, "flaming." Flaming Youth was the title of the last big ball at the Albert Hall. It seems to me, on the whole. to flicker. Why,

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given the development of feminine athletics, the abolition of corsets, and so forth, are girls infinitely more frightened about having children than they were? I say, and mean, frightened, not merely undesirous. I agree that this is partly a moral question, to be mentioned later. But it looks as if girls were being stampeded into a panic about having babies, and this is the more iniquitous if, as I am assured, statistics of infant and maternal mortality are being swollen by the inclusion of deaths due to abortions.

We are being taught to be afraid of pain, or to avoid what is uncomfortable. (I ask, in parentheses, is this Christian? No. Christ promised us comfort, but never comfortableness.) It is remarkable that humanitarianism, so far as history exhibits it to us, has always increased when racial or national fiber was weakening. My anxiety about the future of Maoris, for example, is not disconnected from the fact that it now makes them feverish to be tattooed. I knew one, half of whose face had been tattooed. He could bear no more. This cut very deep into the continuity of his national tradition and instinct. I do not ask that all ancient customs should be forever maintained, but I regret it when their abandonment is due to a nervous inability to endure pain.

Thrift used to be mentioned as a characteristic which argued non-degeneration. The fact that our savings-banks assets are much larger than they were, was adduced as proving that we were thriftier. This may be true for the younger generation, but it remains that a Frenchwoman, using honest stuff, would make twice the amount of succulent food out of half what our Englishwomen can make out of tinned muck. I am told (how can I know?) that fewer and fewer girls can either cook or sew. I think even men ought to be able to do both! But what I abhor is the propaganda, at all points, of the "easy" labor-saving appliances! Most of the dust picked off in a moment, but not one corner clean. I daresay that most of our life ought to be difficult. We are not self-controlled enough, even as it is, to survive what is merely easy. If I applied this to education. . . ! I love P. G. Wodehouse. And I am sure that his doctrine of pluck, of making good against odds, which few will trouble to disentangle from what in him is so amusing, has, without their knowing it, done more for the bracing of hundreds of fainting souls than the sermons of many a priest have.

You will, I am sure, have noticed that at the back of all these physical considerations has been a way of looking at things. That is, something intellectual issuing into something moral—moral as regards myself, and as regards society.

What was urged by several speakers was this: England is relatively well-off, because "freedom of thought" is essential to non-degeneration, and it exists in England, and not, for example, in Italy, Russia or Germany. This needed to be questioned from various points of view. First, the sheer fact. Do our schools and universities, to start with, educate toward free, forceful individual thinking? The masses go to school; that is true. But the schools teach in order to get children through exams. Moreover, while far more adults can read than they once did, what do they read? They have more words at their disposal—why, you hear stevedores talking about "repressions" and "complexes"—but on the whole that does little more than allow glib talkers to use rather more subtle slogans at their expense. In the universities, where far more "Communism" is talked than in the slums—an uneducated intelligentsia enjoying the smashing-up of all traditional ideas instead of getting drunk and breaking the street-lamps—the middle-aged dons seem to me unable to commit themselves to any creed, but only to some version of scepticism. Obviously the sceptic cannot lead, nor train leaders, nor inspire.

On the other hand, it is clear that our government would like to have all education in its hands and to create a general homogeneous "state-mind" convenient for itself. Its difficulty is that in England the State is in possession of no one mind, no one theory, that it can impose. In Russia, Germany and Italy, there is a thought-out ideal which the government is determined to impose on all its citizens. Call these ideals silly, or wicked, or inhuman, or admirable as we prefer, but our muddle-headed nation possesses nothing similar. The German can say: "You are Germans. You are proud of being so. You wish to be the best possible servant of Germany. You will want therefore to start by having excellent bodies. You will, therefore, be grateful for the chance of organized physical exercise, in or outside of labor camps, and you will in no way resent such physical training being imposed on you. You will not dream of preferring a selfishly soft body to an officially hardened and generally useful one." We are too frightened officially to preach patriotism, and I doubt very much if a government could now impose conscription, or even obligatory physical training.

A famous psychologist insisted that a nation was degenerating if fidelity to the marriage tie within it was weakening. This surprised me coming from him, but less when he made it clear that he was not alluding to sexual morality at large but to the marriage-tie in particular. He deplored any symptom of instability; fluidity, in social relations, indicating as it did an inability to be continuous, to stay the course, in mind and in will. I here feel, in a guarded way, optimistic. After the war there really did seem to be a period of moral chaos, what I should call licentiousness. I knew a woman who had given her "word of

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honor" to no less than five persons that she would not see a certain man (not her husband) and within a week telephoned to her mother that she was bringing him to luncheon. "But," exclaimed her mother, "your word of honor!" "Oh," she replied, "no one really believes in those old Victorian things today. . . ." If a general disbelief in promises exists, one cannot but expect nations to be cynical about treaties. Another woman, being implored not to run away, at least for her children's sake—she actually had some—replied: "I don't get any more kick out of them." Saint Paul gives as a sort of climax to pagan vices: insensitivity. The selfish man shrinks so thoroughly that he can no longer even feel acutely.

In common with very many, I seem to detect a reaction against this instability on the part of younger young men and girls, but am again made anxious by certain underlying facts which bring us back to the physical, i.e., the nervous system. It is certain that the general speeding up of everything takes a great toll of nervous energy. Add to this what goes deeper: mass production and the mechanization of labor. Not only does mass production positively prevent a man's doing original, creative work—and herein we have degenerated from the Middle Ages—but he does not as a rule do the whole of a bit of work, so that the product is not his work; he can take no pride in it, and so he ceases to attach value to anything. But not to attach value to things is demoralization.

I add but a line or two about the narrower field of sex morality. I am quite clear that the publicity given to methods of contraception has done incalculable harm especially to girls, who, having declared that they do not see why they should have less freedom than their brothers, now find that they can have their good time without paying for it, and this is particularly true in the middle classes. As for the assumption that control is impossible, or that when it is exercised it is identical with repression, it promotes a false psychology, and in reality transfers the central government of life from mind and will to nerves.

In some countries, the individuality of the citizen is more or less completely jettisoned in favor of the State. This seems to be the destruction of that magnificent ideal of the Middle Ages, the free man freely obedient to the laws. A German of intelligence who had taken refuge here, found at first that the country seemed very "untidy"; you could always do as you liked. After a while, he noticed that the more desirable characters did, as a matter of fact, freely impose on themselves all sorts of limitations in the cause of kindliness, decency and order. But others were unwilling to make and even unable to recognize the sacrifices that are necessary if you would be free.

Finally, the same psychologist whom I mentioned declared roundly that man would degenerate unless he had a faith, "something which is to him a religion." That is, something in which he believes as certain; to which he attaches an absolute value, and to which he is willing to dedicate himself. This declaration startled me: again, I had not expected it. But it seemed to win the approbation of this large roomful of men who combined intelligence with experience and a wide knowledge of the world.

Our minimum duty, therefore, is certainly this —to check, and to cure, and to construct. We are very good at denunciation, and saying that this or that is wrong, but not nearly so good at purifying, developing and consummating what is good. Yet as Catholics we hold ourselves to be in possession of all the medicines, the instruments, the plans and the motives. But anything that we undertake ought to aim at the whole man, body as well as soul, in his individual but also in his social life, and "on earth," by no means only in eternity. "On earth as it is in heaven," qualifies every petition hitherto used in the Our Father.

I do not know that we, priests or laity, are true to this: that Catholics take the initiative, or even properly cooperate in the matter of housing, improving the food supply, ensuring proper employment and salaries, developing sheer sport, and the like; at working for the general well-being as hard as many a humanitarian does, but with an infinitely stronger driving power and more inclusive vision. Whether or no in sexual morality we give outstandingly good example, I do not want to discuss; but I should be only quoting the Popes were I to insist that financially, and economically, we have hardly attended to the encyclicals at all.

I should say that it was part of our job to develop first in ourselves a very strict sense of justice and of the brotherhood of man by nature and in Christ, and to apply that justice and that charity in all our social relationships. It is improbable that any one man will be able to alter a whole society but if enough men work toward the same right end, society will find itself changed. In reality I never can work up much enthusiasm about systems of government: any government is composed of men, and if they are bad men, they will govern badly. If they are good, and if the material they govern is good, well, there is hardly any framework into which human society cannot be fitted, and within which the "free man freely obedient to the laws" cannot be developed. I finish then by saying that our job is to know well, and hold with conviction, the great principles of our faith, and to apply them whenever occasion rises. Indeed, we should seek and even create opportunities and we shall receive more welcome than we expect, especially among those "younger-young" who are so sure that life cannot be lived well by men vague of mind or of wavering will.

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BOYHOOD ON THE FARM

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

DURING the first few years of my life, I seem to have been a perfectly normal healthy infant. At that time we were living in the beautiful country town of Westford, Massachusetts, my father being the minister of the Unitarian Society there. I distinctly remember Sunday afternoon walks with the Stevenses, in whose farmhouse we had lodgings. Mr. Stevens was a skilled carpenter by trade, and I was keenly interested in watching him at his work. His eldest daughter had a tame mocking-bird, and on Indian summer days in early autumn I was permitted to accompany her on long walks across the fields, catching fat grasshoppers for its winter provender, and commencing my early lessons in the study of natural history. The only attempt at literature on my part in those days, that I now recall, was along the line of poetry. On a summer afternoon I was lying in the hammock in the orchard, and when my mother came to take me back to the house, I announced with great elation, that I had made up a poem, which was as follows:

If I sit in the hungup,
Chewing my tongue up,
Will it go down in my stungup?

Another incident in that early epoch of my life, which I now clearly remember, was the painful effect of my precocious indulgence in strong liquor. A weak dilution of Jamaica ginger with sugar and water was then a prescribed remedy for colds in childhood, and one which I greatly enjoyed taking. Observing a bottle of the undiluted ginger extract standing on the windowsill, I removed the stopper and drank half the contents of the bottle at one swallow. The outcries of lamentation which followed this act, brought every member of the household, including the housekeeper, to my rescue.

I was born of practical New England stock, farmfolk on both sides for generations back, and inherited love of creative outdoor work, hand in hand with Nature. My only serious illness up to date, was in my childhood. Vaccination against smallpox resulted in an infection which pretty nearly proved fatal; in fact, our family doctor gave up my case as hopeless, and my parents in desperation called in a clairvoyant, who, just as the spirit left my body, substituted that of a young Indian brave—at least so he told my parents at the time. I can remember the childhood incidents which I have already related, and the birthday party when I was three years old, but from then until I was five, everything is a blank.

We had returned to my grandfather's farm in New Hampshire for my father's summer vacation (which consisted of four weeks of haying and other farmwork). The sickness from which I had, even then, only partially recovered, had left me in a condition where it was necessary to teach me to talk and walk all over again. One morning I was taking slow and hesitating steps across the dooryard, and, coming to a corncob lying in the grass, I called to my grandmother to come and help me step over it; and she left her morning's cooking in order to hold my hand and encourage me to lift one foot after the other, until the obstacle was passed, and I could go proudly on my way toward the barn.

I must have gained in strength quite rapidly after that, for I feel very certain that it was on our next home-coming the following summer, that my cousin and I started off at once for the woods, where I listened in rapture to the voices of birds and locusts, and the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cows in the pasture.

All things seemed alive, and to a certain extent conscious—lakes, rivers, brooks, and the salt ocean growling miles away to the eastward before a storm. I shared in the happiness of trees, flowers and grasses when the spring came. Thunder-showers scared me more or less, but the vivid beauty of the lightning and the deep majestic rhythm of the thunder more than overbalanced my fear and I have always felt a lingering regret when the season for them draws to a close. The aurora shimmering along the northern skyline, or spraying upward in vari-colored streamers, was an unmitigated source of pleasure. Though fond of reading, I never spent my evenings in that way when season and weather permitted me to be out of doors. I loved to watch the sunset fading into twilight with the stars appearing one after another in the darkening sky. The phases of the moon and changes of the tide were a never-ending wonder.

The hooting of owls and the night-calls of marsh birds, together with the creaking of the crickets, seemed to my ears friendly and companionable voices, but the baying of hounds on the trail or the barking of a watchdog in a farmyard filled me with unspeakable terror.

Of serpents of any sort I have never felt the slightest fear, beyond that of possible results that might follow bites; and I used to catch our small New England species one after another with my bare hands and take them home to be measured and identified by illustrations and descriptions in my father's book on natural history.

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One cloudy, sultry August evening when I was picking dewberries in the hayfield that sloped down behind our barn, I felt a queer slithery sensation about my wrist, and looking down saw that I had my right hand on a spotted adder. Having been told on various occasions that the adder was a deadly serpent, I held it fast with my right hand, twisted my left around behind my back and down into my overall's pocket, fished out my jack-knife, opened it with my teeth, and then deliberately cut off the poor snake's head. A few years later, I learned from my books, and practical experiments of my own, that this species, otherwise known as milk snake, is perfectly harmless and of great service to the farmer because of its mouse-catching habits, both in grain field and corn bin. Its undeserved reputation of being poisonous, is probably due to its close resemblance to the spotted viper of England, and from England came the ancestors of practically all the families in this locality at that time.

But taking it as a whole, the information that I got from farmers, woodchoppers, hunters and my school-mates at that time, was reliable and accurate. Having captured a snake which I was unable to identify, I showed it to one of my neighbors. It had the general appearance of a big garter snake, so far as proportions and texture of skin were concerned, but it was dull blue black all over except for the neck which was striped yellow and black, and I asked him if it might not be a cross between a black snake and a garter snake. He told me it was a garter snake which had just shed its skin, and would quickly come back to its original pattern of black and yellow stripes from head to tail, and this proved true.

The only living creatures toward which I have ever felt any instinctive aversion or fear, are those of the spider family, and yet, strangely enough, my admiration for their intelligence, ingenuity and self-reliance has led me on to a closer study of their habits and family affairs than of any other form of insect life. Bumble-bees, wasps and hornets I fought shy of, simply to avoid the pain inflicted by their stings. In the case of the biting insects, gadflies, horseflies, greenheads, flatiron flies, midges and mosquitoes, I quickly learned in early youth "to let 'em bite," and in that way became more or less immune to their attacks.

That our stoicism in regard to various bites and stings suffered was in large part due to an almost instinctive desire to prove both to ourselves and to others that we were not afraid of physical pain is an indisputable fact. We one and all took keen pride in displaying our indifference to suffering of that sort, and not infrequently gave illustration of it by self-inflicted thrusts of needle points beneath the skin, not only in sewing up accidental jack-knife cuts, but also just to show off, to prove that we were of the man-like type.

There is of course, undeniably, a marked difference between individuals as regards sensitiveness to insect bites and stings; it may be inherited from parents and grandparents who have been exposed to them, and from those who have not, but in whichever way it may have been achieved, I am able to testify that for the last fifty years neither swelling nor itching has ever followed the countless number of mosquito bites that I have experienced in that time.

My own retarded growth and lowered vitality still lingering along after the illness of my childhood, together with extreme near-sightedness, was a constant humiliation to me. And being utterly unable to see the teacher's figures and writing on the blackboard, I voluntarily chose to be classed as witless and stupid, rather than admit that I lacked the hawklike eyesight of the majority of my schoolmates.

My grandfather I admired at every point, also my father, so far as his wonderful skill in every sort of outdoor work went, but it was humiliating to know that he was a clergyman as well as carpenter and farmer. When my mother announced one day that she had just had a poem accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly,* and also that my father had an article soon to appear in the pages of the *Popular Science Monthly,* I was pleased to hear the first but not the second statement. It was all well enough for women folks to write for publication, but it certainly was not a man's work, and only years later did I ever let on to anyone that my father wrote for the magazines.

Strolling on a summer's morning along the reed-fringed banks of Taylor's River, and watching the red-winged blackbirds instructing their new-fledged young in their first military training, to swing at the given signal to right or left, then down into hiding among the reeds and bullrushes at their parent's note of warning that a hawk was swinging into sight above the tree tops, the thought occurred to me that a narrative of these maneuvers would make an interesting article in a magazine, and with characteristic fledgling conceit I told myself that if I cared to condescend to such unmanlike practise I could do it a darn-sight better than the nature articles that I read; with the possible exception of those written by Henry Thoreau. Alas! if only such conceit might have survived the well-intentioned snubs of editors, and others.

My boyhood associates were, with few exceptions, of old British stock, and their ancestors for many generations back were born and lived and died in this and neighboring towns. Some of them unquestionably possessed Indian blood, and showed it, while others, myself included, were utterly unable to lay claim to any such descent, however diligently we might follow back our family lines.

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A mile south of this house lies "The King's Grant," handed down through a long line of ancestors to my wife and her sister. When His Majesty, King George III, granted royal permission of ownership of this tract of land, it was in all probability covered with virgin forest. One mile to the northward is the old Cram woodlot, and a mile to the west are the farm buildings of another branch of our Sanborn line; still another mile westward is the Blake farm, my mother's birthplace. When my mother and father became engaged, the only roadway directly connecting their homes was just a cart patch with bar poles to be taken down between each field and pasture. There was no mail delivery in those days, but their correspondence was faithfully carried on by a wise old shepherd dog named Pilot. With the letters in a leather packet fastened to his collar, he would be given orders to deliver it, and would start off at once along swamp and forest trail. On arriving at his destination he would have his supper, and after spending the night there he would start back with the return mail.

The endless change and variety of farm work day by day and season after season, notwithstanding, the early days of my life were in a way bound down to fixed rules and a daily routine, that were only interrupted by weather changes and other unpredictable circumstances that kept bobbing up. My father, all his life long, held the belief, and lived up to it, that eight or twelve hours of physical work each day need not necessarily interrupt the still longer hours of mental work. He arose at four o'clock on summer mornings, and at five in the winter; milked two of our four cows, then went to the kitchen and told my mother that he had finished his half of the morning's barn work and it was time for me to get up. Being a light sleeper, I was invariably out of bed before he had gone to his combined study and cobbler's shop, where he would write or work on shoes until breakfast time. Breakfast was always at six, winter or summer, except on those occasions when we planned to start off early to work on the salt marsh, dinner at twelve and supper at six.

During the long evenings of fall and winter, when no other entertainment called us away from home, my sister first played on the piano for half an hour, then my father read aloud to us from those great British authors, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Blackmoor, Hardy, Meredith, Kipling, Stevenson and others, and from then until bedtime, which was at nine o'clock, we played cards. While listening to the reading, my sister and I played chess or backgammon on some evenings, and on others, she and her mother sewed and knitted while I amused myself by making pencil and pen sketches of the birds and beasts whose ways I had been observing during the day's work, or while I was fishing, hunting and trapping. When the late fall season came, I had set my traps in swamp brook and bog hole, river bank, mill pond and tide water reaches and succeeded in taking not only muskrats and now and then a mink, but also an occasional fox, raccoon and otter.

Prime muskrat skins in those days sold for twenty cents each, and the others at anywhere from one up to three dollars, and yet the cash received from their sale would buy as much then as will the higher price for which the same furs sell now. We fished and hunted with fishing rods and bows and arrows that we ourselves had made of hickory, white ash or red cedar; some of our arrows were tipped with flint arrow-heads of Indian make, that had been picked up in "the old rye lot."

When my father was a school boy, the school was closed throughout the winter in order to avoid the expense of heating in cold weather; the summer vacation consisted of two weeks in haying time. When I began to go to school, we had two months in the winter and a long spring vacation, with a summer vacation which began the Friday before the Fourth of July. Wood for heating the schoolhouse then cost something like six dollars a year, and oil for lighting about fifty cents. In those early days the country school included both kindergarten and high school. We started our A B C at the age of five, while both boys and girls continued their studies there until they were twenty. My mother and aunt, who taught botany, geometry, Greek and Latin, not infrequently had scholars older than they were.

The boys whose homes were on "back roads," which led not directly toward the schoolhouse, set lines of snares and traps in pasture and woodlot, and these they tended on their way to and from school. Although the schoolhouse was but two hundred paces from my home, I would start off for school at seven and before nine I would have covered several miles of woodland trail enjoying a daily nature study.

We are cautioned nowadays never to go swimming until at least an hour after meals, but during the eighties this advice had not yet been granted us, and on late spring and early summer "noons" we started on the run, "dinner bucket" in hand, for the swimming hole which was one-eighth of a mile away. Bolting our pie, doughnut and sandwich luncheon as we ran, we would strip off our clothes and plunge in one after another, and then when the bell rang, dress and return to our studies, gobbling whatever might be left over in the dinner pail on the way. No ill effects from such indiscretion followed. The school girls took their noonday walks in another direction.

From that little white schoolhouse, which I can see from my window as I write, have graduated half a dozen at least whose names are now included in the pages of "Who's Who in America."

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HOW TO KEEP ALIVE

DIALOGUE NO. III: CHRISTIAN CAPITAL

By HUGH McCARRON

SCENE: A circular concrete walk enclosing a green campus in the midst of grey stone buildings of a Catholic educational institution.

CHARACTERS: Father Socrates; Agathon, the instructor; Tarbo, the religious poet.

Agathon: Recently we talked together on the subject of politics. But I went to my rooms saying to myself, "You can't separate politics from economics."

Socrates: The general welfare does include bread. It is obvious that our scholars must devote their intellects in obedience to the great encyclicals. The Holy Father really should have the running of the Church. In addition to learned institutes wherein professed religious and lay genius ought to work side by side, another type of worker in the field must be united in close cooperation with them. I picture a man in St. Blank's parish gathering half a dozen young men, not necessarily Catholic high school graduates, preferably the young men one sees in the streets of the neighborhood. This half-dozen will collect a hundred. That hundred a thousand. The neighboring parish will take it up. The archbishop will approve. Such work must go hand in hand with the enunciation of fundamental ideas and the careful definition that is needed from the universities.

Agathon: Some learned men are attracted by strength. They tell the praises of the rich and powerful on account of their honest conviction that a strong government secures learning in cloistered peace and quiet.

Tarbo: But a university cannot be entirely separated from the living world around it. Nor does any school attempt such seclusion. The school itself is a vital part of the world of its day. Philosopher and poet must both at times come from that cloister of the mind wherein they contemplate the eternal truths, down the stairs to the struggle and turmoil of the marketplace, where every-day faces wear their every-day fears and hopes. Consider Plato's way of thinking. He was both philosopher and poet. He is ever trying to make the journey from, for instance, the carpenter he has seen that day up to God. But he keeps the window of his imagination open and, throughout the long processes of his reasoning, looks out to keep in touch with the real world. That is the quality of the poet, that open-eyed ability to see what is under his nose. The poet sees the sadness of the faces in the subway and wonders what it means, while the rest of us are mechanically reaching for a subway nickel. It is we who are blind, we who see only a means of conveyance where there is the marvel of human construction in rail and car and engine and the sad picture of humans themselves converted into cheap alloy. The poet sees. Every great philosopher must be a poet as every great philosopher must be a theologian. The mediocrities, they will remain reasoning machines, grinding out their memorized formulae. I am all for such cooperation between university and field work as you, Father, suggested. But I think further that we must constantly remind all the world by our Christian example that material wealth is not happiness, that man lives by another food and drink than that which we see.

Agathon: What a wayward mind! You jump from our discussion and then leap to something else again.

Socrates: I don't think Tarbo's discourse on the meaning and value of imagination was as far afield as it seemed. I have noticed that he strikes out frequently, not against distinctions themselves, but against that waywardness of mind which obtrudes the distinctions of abstract thought into the realm of men and things, such waywardness as makes of a distinction a separation. In the particular field of economics Tarbo is chary of such theorizing as is no longer scrutiny but blindness. I too mistrust in an economist, "Totalitarian" or "Liberal" or Catholic or Communist theorizing, which forgets all the related truths. I am going to wander for a moment, as Tarbo did. His concluding words to the effect that material possessions did not spell happiness prompt me.

You will understand that I am not attributing any benefit to widespread destitution. The Holy Father has settled that. He said that it hurt. But I do wish to exalt above wealth Christian poverty, that is, the voluntary refusal to become wealthy or be wealthy, due to a strong faith in the words and example of Christ Our Lord. This refusal is the foundation of independence of the spirit, of the freedom of the children of God, and, save in the rarest combination of circumstances, I cannot see how the spirit of freedom from possessions can exist or endure without proceeding into action. In that opinion I am following the body of ascetical teaching. But I am afraid that we guides of the people have sometimes confused the permissions of casuistry with

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the counsels of perfection. You remember how, in the middle of his plan of spiritual exercises, Saint Ignatius, sure that the exercitant will wish to follow the Divine Leader, exposes in "The Two Standards" the respective methods of campaign of Our Lord and of the forces of evil. He says that the Evil One ensnares by a series of moves, first riches, then honors, finally pride which leads to every vice. There is no room here for a distinction to be drawn between riches badly used and riches well used. The author of the "Exercises" was not speaking of riches badly used as a danger. He had in mind Christ's dictum: "It is as easy . . . for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle." He had in mind the constant practise of the saints. He was thinking of poverty as "the strong wall of religion." The religious orders would all cease to be tomorrow if the text, "Go, sell what thou hast and give to the poor and come follow Me," were not in truth a divine invitation to those who wish to strive for perfection. And Saint Ignatius was aware that their effectiveness did cease in the past in so far as they neglected this text.

Tarbo: To jump again. Spender, Auden, MacLeish are moving slowly into Communism. Their motive is an honest desire to be honest to help mankind, or I should say, since they are poets, to help men. If they don't know the Church as the mother of men, into what other camp can they enter?

Socrates: We often speak of the break Communism makes with tradition. Yet they build their case on an interpretation of history. Today they are intensely and very seriously interested in literature, that story of the race from the inside. In fact I am tempted to reverse the charges and claim that worry about the future is our privilege as Christians and that Communism has its face set in too wooden an expression toward the past. Since their creed contains as article one a belief in evolution, in the evolutionary philosophy of history, it is important to them that they regard the bourgeois culture as right for its time, as a step in the right direction. We Christians can regard the wrongs that culture has been guilty of as eternally wrong.

Tarbo: You two spoke, when recently we met, of historical figures who are long dead and of Solidarism which is three thousand miles away. What about our own existing institutions in America?

Agathon: I am glad you posed that question. Because without sounding like a stump speaker I can now make my profession of political faith. I am still a believer in democracy, even representative democracy, yes, as we have it. Maybe it's because I'm a rebel at heart, but I'm strong for our famous checks upon excessive government and do not think we have destroyed them. I have often been irritated when lecturers from abroad told us in one breath that our government had all the defects of European parliamentary government, and in the next that we were now under a dictatorship. They miss the forest for the trees as do some native critics. "Inside" information, whether it tell you who is to be the next mayor or why the sugar trust freed the islands, distorts the vision in just the same way. They see in our history the details of corruption, lobbying, machine-made majorities, imperialism, and miss the historical fact that the people have time and again exercised their will, that America has a national attitude of mind. They forget that the people have peaceably overthrown strong parties and chosen new representatives, and overlook the most important fact of all, that those representatives are influenced in their minds by the mental outlook of the nation. That which is used as an argument for dictatorship, that the Caesar or Napoleon is the voice of the mass of the plain people—that voice we already have in our liberal democracy and the voice is the people's own. In this country the votes did and do count, both back in the good old days when they were not counted and more so today.

Socrates: The American democracy is close to a Christian state and will remain so if it does not lose its belief in God. Let me explain that "if." The learned and godly men who long for Caesar tell us a cultivated man should have two votes to an ignorant man's one or none, because the former would know how to use power for the advantage of all. But the vote is not vested in wisdom. It is founded on rights. And men really are created equal in their fundamental rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, for the reason that every man alike must pursue God. Men are so "created equal," provided they are created. Take away God, and the foundation of American democracy is gone.

Tarbo: Can't I ever pin either of you down? Are you for the C.I.O.?

Agathon: Are we glad to see not just the skilled upper strata but the millions of industrial workers in strong union? Yes, of course. Every Catholic must surely wish that. But do we know what the C.I.O. or any other force in this country will do next? Whether the next move will be good or a dangerous blunder? So that we can approve in advance? No, because we are not sure of the lasting principles, the foundation belief of any group or man, until the country accepts Christ. And remember that doubt goes for Catholics too.

Tarbo: Work for social justice is best done by them that are poor themselves.

Socrates: Because it is a work of faith. Certainly in Christian work the leader must be the least among us, poorer than his people, suffering more than his people, one of his people.

Agathon: Why must he?

Socrates: Because He was and is.

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DUSTER

By ERNEST A. DEWEY

WITH greedy little fingers the wind is scratching at the prairies again. Once more feathery horsetails swirl up from the fields and go careening off into space.

Time was when fertile Kansas fields were something solid to plant your feet upon. But now the blazing suns, cloudless skies and drying winds of the drought years have transformed good honest soil into something evanescent and fancy-free. Given the least impetus by the most vagrant breeze and it may rise and fling itself all over creation. Sober little atoms of soil that have borne honest crops for years go sailing on a senseless odyssey that may end in the Gulf of Mexico or atop the Empire State Building.

These "dusters" are no pleasant things to contemplate, year after year, either esthetically or economically. The economic waste of these creations of weather-gone-wild is prodigious. With every "black blizzard" millions of very real dollars go flying by. These dollars represent the value of once-fertile soil rendered sterile, of wheat fields with tender plants either shredded by impact of tiny cutting particles or smothered under a blanket of lifeless dust, of more rapid deterioration of machinery, of damage to merchandise, livestock and the human organism.

Destructive as they are, however, the dusters do not always preclude a crop. Some years, if rains come in time, the dry storms abate and the earth grows green again. But their ravage constitutes a threat to the "bread basket of the nation" that is very real and definite. The government soil conservation program offers some hope provided farmers cooperate religiously—and provided it rains or snows. And if that moisture continue to be withheld, all possible programs won't stop the dust.

A dust storm is a very personal thing. Of its devastating intimacy you can have no idea until you have been in one. It filters down your collar, it sifts into your ears, it fills your hair, your eyes, your lungs and your shoes. It wraps you up in a fuzzy brown envelope, sifts through your clothing and you swallow whole garden-plots willy-nilly a gulp at a time.

You arise in the morning at peace with the world and look out upon a day that is bright and clear. But in an hour or so the sun begins to pale and takes on a brassy tinge. The wind whips up a little and, all at once, you see a huge black cloud coming at you with express train speed, hanging low to the ground, rolling and tumbling into a thousand grotesque shapes, rising higher and higher in the sky. The wind seems to stop and you are surrounded by an ominous sense of quiet as if the cloud were pushing a great muffling wall of silence before it.

As you stand in a city street, observing its coming, the duster appears to check its headlong rush and begin to creep toward you. At the outermost limits of your observation you see first one house then another swallowed up by the great silent wall of floating earth as it comes closer and closer. Whole blocks are removed from view—as if they suddenly no longer existed. Landscape and landmarks are blotted out. Visibility lessens steadily. Suddenly you cannot see the cloud any more. The reason is that it has swallowed you, too. Objects near at hand are visible in a hazy way. A brown fog is drifting between you and the buildings across the way. Street lights come on but remain only blurry blobs glimmering weakly in the midday gloom. You realize that they have not been turned on in the vain hope of illumination but to serve as guides and landmarks so that pedestrians and motorists forced to travel may steer a course on sidewalk or street.

Assuming that you have been hardy enough to remain in the open it is wisdom to seek shelter now. These flying fragments have a penetrating insistence. Your eyeballs burn and your breathing is punctuated by sneezes and snorts. You may seek shelter indoors but even there the dust will pursue you. It filters in through myriad unknown crannies and crevices, through taped windows and weather-stripped doors. With every step you take upon a carpet a miniature cloud arises to punctuate your passing. Deposit yourself too emphatically in any item of overstuffed furniture and you are engulfed in a geyser of silt. Amuse yourself, if you like, by writing your name with your finger or likewise doodling upon the quondam glossy surface that once bespoke an industrious housewife's pride. Peer, if you will, through the murk at the curious blue look on the faces of your companions but don't talk unless you are not satisfied with the amount of dust you have swallowed already.

Should you look out you will note that the wind has started again. Papers and other buoyant refuse join the flying parade. Windows rattle and more dirt comes showering down. The range of vision lengthens and lessens, back and forth, like a wheezing accordion. Now you can see a building a block away, now you can't see across the street. Dust—red dust, brown dust, grey dust, black dust—pounds, hundredweights, tons of it go drifting by replenished everlastingly from an apparently inexhaustible supply. Some of these storms last an hour or two, some last for days. By this time you are wondering if this one will ever end, but it will. And when it does, you are able to step outside to fill your grateful lungs once more with air that is pure and clean. Then you will wonder why you have never noticed the rare sweetness of simple, unadulterated air. Then, my friend, you are a Veteran of a Kansas Dust Storm.

Old Well

Something alien, something strange
Stares back from the circle, dark
With more than shadow, shutting out
All light but a floating spark.
Half whisper and half echo lift
From the cold stone like a sigh
Remembering chain and pulley creaking
Under hands long since gone by.
Close the cover: look not long.
A spell grows here on one who sees
In the depths a face not his;
And strikes him silent on his knees.

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—Edward J. Heffron, executive secretary of the National Council of Catholic Men, declared at a Senate subcommittee hearing that the council "is strongly in favor of legislation looking to a nation-wide offensive against venereal diseases." Mr. Heffron expressed the hope that the campaign would be conducted in an ethical manner and reminded the committee that remedial efforts in the field of morality should be continued. * * * Auxiliary Bishop Augustin Baumann of Paderborn and Reverend Paul Simon, honorary rector of the University of Tubingen, Germany, journyeed to Le Mans, France, for special ceremonies in the cathedral in honor of Saint Julian. Bishop Georges Grente of Le Mans expressed the wish that France and Germany may never again be divided and Cardinal Verdier of Paris, who presided, the hope that the pilgrimage from Paderborn would be the beginning of genuinely friendly relations between the two countries. "What days of peace would fall upon the world if this dream, let us say rather this hope, were realized!" * * * Cardinal Van Roey of Malines, Belgium, has received the official request to start the process of the beatification and canonization of Father Damien of Molokai. * * * A National Catholic Social Action Conference at Milwaukee, May 1-4, has just been announced; its theme will be "A Christian Social Order." * * * In preparation for her rôle in Paul Claudel's "Joan of Arc at the Stake," the noted Parisian actress, Ida Rubenstein, is to make a retreat of several weeks at a Benedictine convent. * * * On February 22, the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Antioch, six priests of the Oriental Rite participated in a Mass of concelebration at the Church of St. John the Divine in New York. Four of the priests chanted the Mass in Old Slavic, one in Arabic and one in Greek, representing five Byzantine rites of the Church. The Mass was offered according to the liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom. Nearly 2,000 persons filled the church.

The Nation.—On February 21, the thirty-day Southern filibuster against the anti-lynching bill was finally ended when the matter was laid aside by a vote of 58-22 so that the Senate could act on the $250,000,000 emergency relief resolution. An attempt to raise the extra relief appropriation to $400,000,000 was defeated after a brief economy debate. * * * The National Consumers Federation, formed last year to coordinate nationally the work of consumers' organizations of all kinds, sent a delegation to Washington requesting the federal government to create a special consumers bureau. The federation considers the trend toward the formation of such bureaus in state governments "highly encouraging." * * * More than 1,500,000 persons are now enrolled in non-profit community hospital service plans. Subscribers have saved more than $7,681,517 in hospital bills during the past few years. In Rochester, one out of every four persons is a cooperator in the program. The New York City three-cents-a-day plan has 600,000 subscribers. * * * The senior economic analysts of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce charged that housing lags in this country because "the technique of fabrication of houses has been one of the slowest of the arts to respond to the widespread technical progress of recent times," and because financing is too expensive. If houses could be financed on a 4.5 percent basis, with amortization over thirty years, he estimated that 5,000,000 more families of moderate income could buy homes.* * * The Social Security Board reported that the total cost of federal, state and local relief, including work relief, but not administration, fell $285,000,000 in 1937. The total last year was $2,333,314,000, and in 1936, $2,618,027,000.

The Wide World.—The Nationalist forces in Spain completed the reconquest of Teruel which was seized by the Loyalists as the result of a surprise attack last December. General Aranda, whose Galician and Navarrese divisions had the honor of being the first troops to enter the ruined city, asserted that the number of prisoners would exceed 20,000, that Loyalist casualties were very heavy, and that the amount of war material seized was much greater than in any other single campaign. * * * Speaking before 5,000 Red army officers and soldiers in Moscow, War Commissar Klementy E. Voroshiloff declared that the Soviet Union would resort to poison gas and bacteriological warfare if other powers used such methods. He denounced as a traitor Admiral Vladimir R. Orloff, former commander-in-chief of the navy, recently liquidated. * * * Rumania's drastically revised Constitution contains provisions giving the king absolute veto power over legislation and authority to appoint half the Senate members. A declaration of equality is made for all Rumanians without racial distinction. Religious freedom is guaranteed. The Orthodox Rumanian Church received official status. * * * British airmen bombed Indian villages in Waziristan. General R. A. Cassel estimated casualties among the followers of the rebellious Fakir of Ipi, during the past nine months, at almost 700 dead and more than 350 seriously wounded.

* * * *

Five Days.—The first Saturday meeting of the entire British Cabinet since the abdication crisis two years ago was held in Downing Street on February 19. It lasted three and a quarter hours—longer than any continuous session of the ministers in many years. Following the meeting, Prime Minister Chamberlain held a lengthy conference with Foreign Minister Anthony Eden who was reported about to resign because his views on foreign policy, particularly with regard to Italy and Germany, differed substantially from those of the government. The next day, following Chancellor Hitler's militant Reichstag speech, in which he assailed the legalistic League of Na-

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tions policy of Mr. Eden, the British Foreign Minister's resignation was accepted. Speaking in the House of Commons on February 21, Mr. Eden declared that the difference between the Prime Minister and himself was fundamental. It was wrong and dangerous, he insisted, to start Anglo-Italian talks at this time before Italy had given a single sign of good faith or good-will toward Britain. It is never right to depart from traditional methods of diplomacy, he stated, "because one party to negotiations intimates it is 'now or never.' Agreements that are worth while are never made on a basis of threat." Mr. Chamberlain denied that there had been any "now or never" threat by Italy and added that further refusal of Italian overtures would have stirred anti-British feeling in Italy to a point at which ultimately war might have become inevitable. He also denied that he had known of any conflict with Mr. Eden until February 18. On February 22, Prime Minister Chamberlain was upheld in the House of Commons by a 330 to 168 vote on his policy of negotiating with the dictators.

Shipping.—Just prior to taking the oath for his new position as United States Ambassador to London, Joseph P. Kennedy, Maritime Commission chairman, told the joint meeting of the Senate Commerce and Labor committees that the maritime industry was either "ripe" for conciliation and mediation of its labor disputes or "overripe for ruin." Citing figures for the first ten months of 1927, showing that 451 maritime strikes had affected 40,000 men and cost 1,000,000 man-hours of work, he again advocated the establishment of a mediation board which would have jurisdiction over maritime transportation and would apply to ship labor disputes the same arbitration methods that are now used in rail labor disputes. This proposal was opposed by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins on the ground that it was premature and by the C.I.O. maritime labor unions which charged that compulsory arbitration would be tantamount to a denial to the seamen of their right to strike. Mr. Kennedy also informed President Roosevelt that large shipbuilders' prices for cargo vessels intended as naval auxiliaries were so high as to make it impossible to build up an American merchant marine worthy of the name. He outlined five possible courses which the government might follow: payment of the price asked by the larger shipbuilding yards; construction of the cargo vessels in navy yards; establishment of new ship yards or the rehabilitation of private facilities; construction of merchant ships in foreign yards whenever American prices were more than twice those available abroad; or construction of the ships by the Maritime Commission itself. President Roosevelt named Rear Admiral Emory S. Land as Mr. Kennedy's successor.

Pan America.—Sumner Welles, Under-Secretary of State, issued a denial that the State Department had received a proposal for an inter-American alliance for the protection of countries of the Western Hemisphere from European or Asiatic aggression. Rumors persisted, however, that an effort would be made to implement the inter-American peace treaties signed at Buenos Aires last year in such a way that military and naval cooperation would avoid any suggestion of protection of Latin American powers by the United States. The friendly feeling of Latin Americans toward the United States was convincingly demonstrated in the enthusiastic welcome rendered United States aviators who, in five army B 17 bombers, completed a good-will mass flight of 5,225 miles, in twenty-eight hours flying time from Miami to Buenos Aires, Argentina, in order to participate in the ceremonies attending the inauguration of Roberto M. Ortiz as President of that country. Italy recently sponsored a good-will flight to Latin America. European powers generally are exerting themselves to the utmost to win the good favor of Latin Americans. This competition is most noticeable in the field of radio. The British Broadcasting Corporation will inaugurate in the near future a program in Portuguese for the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Brazil and another in Spanish for the other 45,000,000 inhabitants of Latin America. Germany is likewise active. During the first nine months of 1937 approximately 235 programs were relayed from Berlin. Both major United States broadcasting stations send programs to Latin America every evening from six o'clock until midnight.

Government-Business.—The relations of the government and business were being tested on nearly every possible front. There was the price interview, the arrangements for a conference on the railroad problem, the completion of the new tax bill and further discussion on tariffs and the reciprocal trade treaties. In the field of electricity, the United Light and Power Company and Engineers Public Service registered with the SEC in compliance with the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935. Utility assets now registered total $6,000,000,000, about 40 percent of the industry subject to SEC jurisdiction. Senators O'Mahoney and Borah continued to elaborate their bill to impose federal licensing on corporations of over $100,000 assets engaged in interstate commerce. The RFC made available $1,500,000,000 to "all deserving borrowers," but Chairman Jones said he did not expect "a demand for any considerable part of it." It was generally believed that no great demand for loans will arise until a great increase in equity investments takes place. Young Democrats arranged a testimonial dinner for February 24 to Robert H. Jackson as a rally of trust-busters. It was designed to counteract the "Richberg" tendency to arrange further cooperative adjustments with industry out of NRA experience. Little business formed a Washington lobby: "Our purpose is to set up a liaison service between the government and little business men."

Far East.—Chinese resistance in defense of Suchow and the Lung-Hai railway continued remarkably strong. Japanese columns turned once more from a direct attack and struck westward in Northern Honan. Tokyo reported gains in Shansi. Just north of the Lung-Hai railway large bodies of Chinese troops massed on the south bank of the Yellow River to prevent the Nipponese from crossing. A critical spot was the historic Menghsien Ford, which has been used by travelers for over 2,000

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years. Successful negotiation of the river at this point would lead straight to Loyang, on the long-sought railroad line. The Japanese commander, General Matsui, has been recalled and replaced by General Shunroku Hata, who is expected to wield authority over his troops with an iron hand, preventing the disorders that marked the capture of Nanking and Hangchow. According to Japanese statistics 18,000 of their men have been killed in action in the Shanghai-Nanking area engagements, while the Tokyo forces there burned or buried the remains of more than 370,000 Chinese soldiers. Total Japanese casualties to date are said to number more than 60,000 killed and 200,000 wounded; Chinese casualties are believed to exceed 1,000,000. The American Red Cross announced that contributions for China relief were being cabled directly to China to Ambassador Nelson T. Johnson. Japanese military authorities are refusing to grant permission to missionaries to return to their stations, to their schools and hospitals in the Shanghai-Nanking area, despite the fact they are willing to go back to work at their own risk.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—Adapted from the interpretation made famous by Edith Wynn Matthison and Charles Rann Kennedy, "Everyman" will be broadcasted Saturday, March 5, from the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. The boys choir and the great organ of the cathedral will provide the traditional music and, preceding the play, the Right Reverend William T. Manning, Bishop of New York, will speak on the relationship between modern drama and the church. * * * A drive against bingo and other gambling devices within the churches and against outside legalized lotteries and pari-mutuel betting is on in many parts of the country. Most recent and strongest attack against gambling in churches was made by Bishop George Craig Stewart of the Chicago Episcopal Diocese, who barred gambling in all parishes under his jurisdiction. In Brooklyn, N. Y., Reverend F. W. Otten, Evangelical Lutheran pastor, was named chairman of a continuing committee in Kings County against gambling. The nineteenth annual Ohio Pastors' Convention passed a resolution condemning bank nights in movies and also fund-raising efforts based upon raffles, punchboards and bingo games. * * * Membership in the new Committee on the Church and Cooperatives of the Federal Council of Churches was enlarged by nominations of representative churchmen from all parts of the United States, at the first Midwest meeting of the committee here. New members include Dr. Wade Crawford Barclay of Chicago and Reverend Blaine E. Kirkpatrick of Indiana, two leaders of the Christian Cooperative Fellowship which recently voted to merge with the Federal Council's committee.

Farm Program.—Following the President's signature of the 1938 Agricultural Adjustment Act, Secretary Henry A. Wallace proclaimed the marketing quotas for this year's crops of cotton and of flue-cured and dark tobacco. Two-thirds of the producers in the twenty states affected must approve the program in their vote, March 12, to put it into effect. The limits set by the Department of Agriculture are 26,300,000 acres for cotton (8,000,000 less than last year) and 705,000,000 pounds of flue-cured tobacco, compared with the 851,000,000 pounds produced last year. Dark tobacco would be reduced from 158,000,000 to 145,000,000 pounds. Large undisposed-of surpluses of the two crops explain the proposed reductions. The administration's reciprocal trade treaty policy was much discussed at the meeting of the National Farm Institute at Des Moines, Iowa. Secretary Cordell Hull cited figures that indicated that American farm income was double that of 1932 and had risen $500,000,000 in 1937. He defended the negotiation of sixteen reciprocal trade treaties as a force for increased international trade and for peace and said that during the past year American imports had increased by $661,000,000, while our exports had grown by $890,000,000. He declared, "We cannot remain prosperous in a poverty-stricken world." M. L. Wilson, Under-Secretary of Agriculture, predicted that 1937-1938 exports of American farm products would be larger than at any time since 1930. Edward O'Neal, president of the National Farm Bureau Federation, and John Vesecky, president of the National Farmers' Union, spoke in favor of this tariff policy. L. J. Taber, Master of the National Grange, attacked it on the ground that it had not helped the American cotton farmer.

Labor.—General Electric signed with the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, granting that C.I.O. affiliate collective bargaining rights in all company plants where the union is designated as majority representative. That means immediately five plants with 27,000 employees. Coverage of all 60,000 employees will depend on the union's ability, through NLRB elections or proofs of membership, to establish its position in the other fifteen plants. * * * San Francisco is attempting a new method of attaining peaceful industrial relations. Public meetings, open to press and other observers, are held regularly between a committee of the wealthiest employers and committees of the A.F.L. Labor Council and the C.I.O. Industrial Council. Further, a subcommittee of the employers meets twice a week with a C.I.O. subcommittee headed by Harry Bridges, and, separately, with an A.F.L. committee headed by John Shelley. The employers are working for an agreement assuring mediation before strikes, and Mr. Bridges demands before this is granted that the employers give commitments on certain issues. Matters discussed have included preferential shops, jurisdictional disputes, labor spies, observance of contracts, picketing, arbitration and sympathetic strikes. * * * Dealing with the "fundamental and primary problem" of security, Secretary Perkins stated that "in some industries there is an overbalance of youth. . . . Industries—many industries—would be better off with some older men to deal and form agreements with."

Railroads.—President Roosevelt was planning a White House Conference on what he regards as one of the major problems confronting his administration — the plight of the nation's railroads. This is in anticipation of an early decision by the Interstate Commerce

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Commission on the railroads' application for a horizontal freight rate increase. * * * An elaborate plan for a special court of railroad reorganization, with dictatorial authority over all roads in receivership, has been prepared in the inner circles of the New Deal Left Wing. Jerome N. Frank, Securities and Exchange commissioner, was the original author of the plan, which has been drafted into bill form. It is expected to be presented at the White House conference on the railroad problem. The New Deal Left Wing has good reason for being worried about the railroads. At present, nineteen Class One carriers have filed reorganization applications with the ICC and the courts. Not one of them has emerged reorganized, although some of the applications were filed several years ago. Thirty-four carriers of all classes have applied, and the three or four which have been reestablished on new and sounder lines are small and relatively unimportant. The Railroad Courts idea is roughly as follows: Congress would provide for a court of one or three judges, sitting in Washington, with exclusive jurisdiction over railroad reorganizations. It would have a large technical personnel, made up of experts from the ICC, the SEC, the Railroad Retirement Board, the RFC and other interested government agencies. * * * Legislation for forced consolidations of railroads is being considered seriously in at least three of the government offices now preparing plans to be laid before President at the rail conference.

Local Politics.—Nine candidates ran in the Seattle mayorality primaries on February 21. Arthur D. Langlie received most votes, 50,389; Lieutenant Governor Victor A. Meyers was second, with 27,263; Mayor John F. Dore was third, receiving 21,369. Mayor Dore was the specific A.F.L. candidate and Mr. Meyers, former band master of ceremonies and comic campaigner, was the representative of the C.I.O. Mr. Langlie was backed by the Order of Cincinnatus and a youth movement he has worked up during the past five years. His campaign was based on supreme opposition to the labor controversies that have raged in Seattle, all through Washington and up and down the Pacific Coast between the C.I.O., led by Harry Bridges, and the A.F.L., led by Dave Beck. The run-off vote between Langlie and Meyers will take place March 8. * * * The Democratic State Committee for Pennsylvania has been unable to agree on candidates for Governor and Senator to push in the primaries. It appeared after Washington's birthday that Governor Earle would run for the Senate chair and that Charles Alvin Jones would get the machine support for governorship. John L. Lewis is adamantly opposed to the Jones candidature, insisting that the party support Lieutenant Governor Thomas Kennedy, who is secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers. Governor Earle was attempting to seek the Senate with "no commitments" and was aligning much labor support on this basis, but not that of the numerous mine workers. Senator Guffey, leader of the state Democrats, had not made his position known, and it was considered possible he would line up with Mr. Lewis against Governor Earle. At the last minute, President Roosevelt was apparently trying to effect a peaceful settlement.

Liturgical Notes.—A number of current reports from various sources give an indication of the progress of the liturgical revival throughout the world. In Austria, Dr. Pius Parsch, whose "Liturgy of the Mass" has just been published in translation in this country, is expanding his Sunday leaflet missal service into a regular periodical which gives more comprehensive explanations of the Sundays and the seasons with special emphasis on the reunion of Christendom. Dr. Parsch is also continuing his Sunday Mass leaflet which, as early as 1931, attained a weekly circulation of 40,000. In this country Reverend William Gunn of Groton, Mass., has had the versicles and responses of the Mass transcribed upon phonograph records to enable choirmasters and instructors of altar boys to insure uniform pronunciation of the Latin. Wilfrid Diamond of New York City has written *Orate Fratres* that the correspondence course in liturgical Latin compiled primarily for the League of the Divine Office now has 150 students from 70 different towns. In response to an appeal in the same magazine Eugene P. McSweeney reports that his group of "Approved Workmen" received eighty-eight sets of the breviary, "all in excellent condition" accompanied by letters of encouragement. A similar group in Victoria, B. C., in the past year has held two liturgical services at which Bishop John C. Cody presided. The movement is growing also in Czechoslovakia, where Dr. Alfred Fuchs has translated the priests' Roman Breviary into Czech, "in order to enable the Catholic layman to pray with the Church and with the words of the Church at various hours of the day."

Wild Life.—Monday, February 14, saw the opening of the third North American Wild Life Conference at Baltimore, Md. It is hoped the four-day sessions will show the public the necessity for conservation of wild life resources including birds and animals. Henry P. Davis, secretary of the institute, declared that wild life is worth more than $1,000,000,000 to the nation in addition to its intangible recreational value. He added that the pest-control value of wild life, as estimated by the Department of Agriculture, was worth $350,000,000 a year. Business has discovered, he went on, that sportsmen spend $750,000,000 annually, while the expenditures by others in the enjoyment of wild life total $635,000,000. One manufacturer has estimated, he said, that each year sportsmen driving to fields and streams wear out the equivalent of 87,500 automobiles. The problem of mosquito control stirred a vigorous and bitter debate. The mosquito control program that came under attack was the digging of ditches to drain marsh lands and the spreading of heavy oil to kill larvae. Advocates of the plan argued that damage done in the South was only a fraction of the cost that is spent on malaria. The other side questioned this by stating that malaria develops over a seven-year cycle, and that it could not be broken down to a five-year period. Divergent opinions on "the hows and whys of making annual water-fowl shooting regulations" were expressed and arguments developed principally around the regulations of the Federal Bureau of Biological Survey regarding duck shooting

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The Play and Screen

Murder in the Cathedral

GILBERT MILLER and Ashley Dukes are to be felicitated on bringing back T. S. Eliot's play to America and giving its true values more potently than they were given when the Federal Theatre Project presented the play two seasons ago. The Federal Theatre's production had many admirable qualities, but only in the single figure of its Becket was it the equal of the Miller-Dukes presentation. Harry Irvine's impersonation of the martyred Archbishop will not be forgotten by any who saw the play two years ago, and Robert Speaight, sympathetic as he is in manner and admirable as he is in the reading of the lines, lacks his predecessor's dignity and authority. But aside from this the present production is in all respects to be preferred. In its pictorial groupings, in the characters of the Tempters and Knights, in the voices of the actors, and above all in the magnificent chorus of the Women of Canterbury, the performance at the Ritz Theatre is one of rare force and spiritual beauty. The lines of the chorus are arranged almost in the form of a great fugue. The women speak, now in unison, now in single voices, answering one another antiphonally. To accomplish this without ever allowing the audience to miss a word is an almost superhuman feat, and yet this is just what these nine young women do accomplish, and accomplish it with the aid of nine of the loveliest voices ever heard on the New York stage. Just as Becket himself presents the spirituality and intellect of man, the Women of Canterbury represent the puzzle, the unhappiness and the striving of humble humanity, and to feel the real meaning and impact of the play it is necessary that their lines should be understood. They were not in the Federal Theatre's production, but they are magnificently in the present revival. Last week we said the two most distinguished plays of the season were Catholic—"Father Malachy's Miracle" and "Shadow and Substance." Now we can change this statement to "the three most distinguished ones"—Mr. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" has completed the trilogy. (At the Ritz Theatere.)

Once Is Enough

"ONCE IS ENOUGH" is a typical Frederick Lonsdale play. It is suavely written; it has little story, but what there is is skilfully told; it deals exclusively with dukes and earls and their female counterparts. Mr. Lonsdale's British aristocracy devotes itself largely to drink and infidelity, and its men are in particular very stupid. What another sort of aristocrat, say Mr. Anthony Eden or Lord Robert Cecil, would say about the Duke of Hampshire and his set might be illuminating. They are certainly not a stimulating lot, for most of them are without brains, they have not even wit, but only patter. Now Mr. Lonsdale is a master of patter, and for some that passes as wit, and he knows how to tell the simple story of how the Duchess keeps her Duke from a rival, by showing him that what the rival really wants is his title. That is right up Mr. Lonsdale's alley, and his people move about gracefully enough in a complete spiritual and moral vacuum. But when the Duchess is played by so splendid an actress as Ina Claire the triviality becomes almost important. Miss Claire's charm, her grace, her sense of phrase and mood, her distinction and authority, her superb quality of humor, give Mr. Lonsdale's lines a meaning beyond themselves. And aided as she is by such admirable players as Hugh Williams, Archibald Batty, Walter Piers, Wilfrid Seagrim, Austin Trevor and Eric Cowley, she makes the evening a pleasant one. Of course the play is tailored for her; she has all the humanity and most of the bright lines, but she makes the most of both. We may well shudder to think of what "Once Is Enough" would become in the hands of undistinguished actors, but cast and directed as Mr. Miller has cast and directed it it is an excellent specimen of what English artificial comedy was twenty years ago. The iron of the Great War and its tragic aftermath has never entered into Mr. Lonsdale's soul. (At the Henry Miller Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Bringing Up Baby

ENTER Katherine Hepburn in slapstick, the heroine of zany farce, in the center of action that has neither rhyme or reason, although it is highly palatable when taken strictly in the lighter mood.

Imagine La Hepburn, the Hepburn of the broad "A" drahma, acting the pampered débutante of millions, a madcap chasing wildly through the woods of the Connecticut countryside in search of a lost pet leopard, using the animal as an excuse for "baggin' " Cary Grant. Imagine, too, Mr. Grant acting the unromantic rôle of a zoologist, purely an academician whose feet are clumsy and clothes are too big, a Cary Grant whose only love is prehistoric bones, who is continually tricked into situations developed by the idiosyncracies of Miss Hepburn. He finally yields to her insistencies on marriage, yields in a state of collapse.

These are the characters and the basic twists of a plot, the hilarious nonsense of which leaves a spectator wondering whether one should kill 'em or kiss 'em. Viewed from that angle, as the RKO producers intended it should be, society comedy has not given as much cause for hilarity in a long, long time. Certainly the cast, and it is a roster of good performers, appears to have thoroughly enjoyed the work. The highly farcical actions makes that quite essential. Miss Hepburn has never before shown evidence of being such a comedienne. In support besides Cary Grant are Miss May Robson, Charles Ruggles, Walter Catlett and Barry Fitzgerald.

Director Howard Hawks points always to an accentuation of comedy to get an absolute maximum of laughter. His situations are well thought out. Dudley Nichols and Hagar Wilde furnished him with a rollicking scenario, replete with as much ridiculous amusement material as he could use. The plot was based on Miss Wilde's short story of the same name which appeared in *Collier's* in April, 1937. Anent the title: This subject is not of babies and domesticity, but one of a babe of society, a baby leopard.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

"SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I would not ask His Lordship to be assigned as curate to Canon Skerrit. But it is a delight to hear him in the John Golden pulpit; one gets the desire to be a regular pew-holder.

Most stage priests have been half-fools, and bishops complete ones. Rarely did exceptions occur: Otis Skinner was a sensible Vicaire in "The Duel" until a fool scruple disturbed him; the Bishop in Mrs. Fiske's "Miss Nellie of New Orleans" needed no apology for having a miter.

Canon Skerrit is cold, consistent, classic and aristocratic, impatient with dullness and the crudities called "Catholic Art." The fear that he would be the cultured cleric like the priest in "The Damnation of Theoran Ware" was soon dispelled. He is finer in the rostrum than he might be in the confessional where one seeks the heart of a priest. His curates would be kinder confessors. A surprise of the play is that three priests hold the stage and satisfy even non-conformists. The Canon so dominates it that regret follows his occasional exit.

His housemaid Brigid is too ideal a housekeeper. Her substitute, the parish spinster, comes nearer reality and the "canonical age." The presence of a young maiden in a rectory does not seem incongruous to the Celtic celibate mind. Visions are for youth, age revels in dreams. Brigid recalled the spiritual quality of Edith Mattison, as the Blessed Virgin, in Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." The mystic maid suggests the spirit of Blessed Brigid come down from heaven to warm the cold heart of the caustic Canon. Her namesake had the grace of simplicity characteristic of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." Was it Mr. Carroll or is it Sir Cedric who makes the Canon so likable? Brigid who loves him, the schoolmaster and everybody, wins everybody's heart.

Reading the critics on "Shadow and Substance" is like searching out meanings from authors of books on the parables. Each has his divergent viewpoint, whether the parable be the good seed and the cockle, or the unjust steward too lazy to dig and too bashful to beg. One critic contends that the play is a protest against alien culture in Ireland; another that it is insistence of the spiritual over the scientific. And there are other views. It's like the authors on the different kinds of cockle and their connotation. All tares are not thistles; there are sayings of the Canon and schoolmaster that nettle and sting, which only the censorious may not appreciate.

This from the Canon is fine substance: "I am a man, Fathers, who by study, travel and observation has seen the decline and decay of the great classic ideals and the steady vulgarization of our life by that tributaried stream of barbarians who have taken all that was royal in conception and given nothing but their vulgar deluge in return. Their achievement is the Nordic civilization in which the passport to fame is financial scoundrelism, and the scholar of taste is ever the avowed enemy of the people. They have thrust books into the hands of herds who are forever misreading them; they have reduced us all to the lowest social class by teaching us to get from excess the same emotionalism the classicist used to get from music and art; they have taken away our esthetic sense and given us in exchange a rather spurious ethical sense, and, as you see here, they deal with a whitewash brush in terms of the divine. Yet you stand aghast when I point it out to you, when I refuse to allow barbarians to impose on me their vulgar conception of Christ and His saints."

The play has no plot, perhaps it is a parable. Some critics detect a little cockle amid its wheat, just as a modicum of heresy gets mixed with parochial theology. The complaint that nepotism steals into the school is older than yesterday. (Nieces or first cousins have ruled some rectories, and wrecked a few sodalities.) The heresy that the schoolmaster should have more than a pedagogue's voice in scholastic matters has long been anathema. Criticism of ancient curriculum is seldom welcome. Father Peter York's address at Maynooth was an unwelcome example. Alumni are ever expected to kiss the noble brow of Alma Mater.

Mr. Carroll's crack at the publican who exclaims, "I can't read, Canon!" may be misleading in New York. Its point is not illiteracy in Ireland where every plowman and longshoreman can read. The National School test of olden times would floor some Harvard seniors. The crack is a jab of caste against caste. In Irish village life the publican does not rub social elbows with pharisee medicos and pedagogues. The playwright is a schoolmaster off stage.

The finale lacks the perfection of the play; Brigid's deathbed is defeated. The dramatic sacrifices truth, where truth is intensely dramatic. Her *transitus ad mortem* is neither true of life or death. When the Ben Greet players presented "Everyman," he was shrived behind a screen. The priest's Latin monotone even suggested Extreme Unction. For Brigid in the shadow of death there is no substance of sacraments; nor is there the knowledge that the rites of the Church were administered in the garden, or at the scene of the riot. Her death is not Catholic. It is more like Christian Science, with the doctor absent. With priests present there comes the shock of neo-paganism, as an artistic and impressive moment is lost. Drama does not dodge reality: the spinster might hold a candle, the curate say a silent prayer, the schoolmaster bless himself, the Canon recite a few lines of the Litany for the Departing Soul, as in Newman's "Dream of Gerontius":

> "Rescue her O Lord in this her evil hour
> As of old so many by Thy saving power
> . . .
> David from Golia and the wrath of Saul
> And the two Apostles from their prison thrall
> Thecla from her torments."

As Brigid's gentle soul departed, and the Canon veiled her face in cloistered death, how splendid could be that gesture of solemnity:

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"Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world. Go, in the name of God
Who created thee. . . .
Go on thy course and may thy place be found
in peace, and may thy dwelling be the holy
Mount of Sion, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Church knows better than the playwright how to draw the curtain on life, to touch its going out with sublimity, unlike a "departure" from a ward in Bellevue, as immortality vanishes into the valley of shadows.

REV. PETER MORAN, C.S.P.

THE SPENCER NEW TESTAMENT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In your issue of February 11, Reverend Wm. L. Newton of Cleveland, Ohio, replies to Father Wilfrid Parsons's statement in your issue of January 7, 1938, that Father Spencer's translation of the New Testament, recently published, "is perfectly fitted to be an authorized Catholic American version." Father Newton says: "As far as its language and fidelity to the original are concerned, this version is indeed excellent. It cannot, however, aspire to 'authorization,' since it is taken from the Greek text."

(1) Now your readers will want to know what Father Newton means by "authorization." In his article on "The Church and the Bible in America" in the January, 1938, issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review,* page 48, he gives us to understand that by "authorization" he means that a version has been approved by the Church for use to the exclusion of all other versions. But in this sense the Church has approved only the Latin Vulgate as the official version of the Latin Rite. It has never so approved or "authorized" any translation of the Latin Vulgate in English or any other language. It is, however, the law of the Church that vernacular translation of the Bible use in connection with the public services of the Church, such as the Sunday Gospels and Epistles that are read to the faithful, must be drawn from the Latin liturgical texts (see reply of the Biblical Commission, April 30, 1934). But for general use by the clergy, students and laity, the Church has preferred to allow the use of any good translations in the vernacular published with ecclesiastical approval and accompanied by notes (see Codex Juris Canonici, canon 1391).

The Holy See has, in fact, expressly refused (in 1829) to approve the so-called Douay or any revision of it (see Steinmueller in *Homiletic* and *Pastoral Review,* September, 1936, pages 1270, 1271). In the early Councils of Baltimore the Douay translations were recommended; but at that time there was no other version in general circulation in the United States. But in the last Plenary Council of Baltimore held in 1884, the Fathers not only voted down by a vote of 38 to 28 the proposal that a uniform authoritative edition of the Bible in English be adopted; they also recommended the Douay editions not exclusively but "among other versions" (see Steinmueller, l.c., pages 1271, 1272).

"It is clear from these observations," concludes Dr. Steinmueller, "that the Douay-Rheims version has always been held in high regard, but neither the Holy See nor the Plenary Councils of Baltimore have formally approved of it as the only authoritative English translation of the Bible. It should be further noted that the title 'Douay Version' is a blanket-name to cover not only the original English Catholic version but also its various revisions."

(2) On the other hand, in our own times, the Church has rather inclined to the use of translations from the original languages of the Bible, Greek and Hebrew. Father Keating, S.J., writing in the *Month* of January, 1938, page 83, makes the following observation: "At the present time the tendency of the Church is to translate Holy Scripture from the original languages; this is very necessary for the further advance of biblical studies, and for that widening and deepening of biblical knowledge generally which began with Pope Leo XIII's issue of the 'Providentissimus Deus,' and was the prayer of Pope Benedict XV in the 'Spiritus Paraclitus.'" And pursuant to this mind and wish of the Church, the Bibles now most generally in use in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium and French-speaking Canada are translations from the original Hebrew and Greek, and not from the Latin Vulgate.

(3) Father Spencer's translation of the New Testament from the original Greek is published with the highest ecclesiastical approval at home and abroad, including a special letter from His Holiness Pope Pius XI addressed by Cardinal Pacelli to the American Dominican Provincial, expressing the "hope and prayer of His Holiness that this volume will do much to encourage wider reading of the Word of God and more profound meditation on the saving truths of the Christian dispensation."

This new Spencer version, therefore, is perfectly fitted to take its place alongside the one on which Father Newton and others are working, to be used by clergy, students and laity, in the study clubs of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and elsewhere; and this is what Father Newton would seem to have in mind when he says of Father Spencer's version, "Without doubt it will increase the understanding of the message of the New Testament, and this, with its other merits, should win for it a wide circulation."

In fact, it would seem to be most desirable that for both study and reading this new translation from the Greek should be used by clergy, students and laity together with the revision of the Douay now in preparation for the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. A translation from the Greek or Hebrew is always closer to the original sacred writers than any translations of a translation, like the Douay. Furthermore, we have a number of fine non-Catholic translations from the Greek in this country, but now our Catholic people will not any longer be tempted to go to non-Catholic versions from the original.

The Church, therefore, is very wise in refusing to approve of any one vernacular version to the exclusion of all others, and in giving its support and encouragement to translations from the original Greek and Hebrew, as well as from the Latin Vulgate.

REV. A. L. MCMAHON, O.P.

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Books

The Prophet of Disaster

Hearken unto the Voice, by Franz Werfel; translated by Moray Firth. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

ALTHOUGH the recent works of Franz Werfel deal with such various subjects as an Austrian ship's doctor, the Armenians of Musa Dagh and the ancient people of Israel, three of their common characteristics quite set him apart from most of the popular novelists of our time. He seems to be preoccupied with the development of human character at its best. Unlike the futilitarians, utopians and other escapists who bulk so large among widely read contemporary authors he manifests the keenest interest in those who courageously rise above the adversities inherent in earthly existence. His latest book was foreshadowed several years ago in the unimportant "Pascarella Family" by the observation, "Who possesses the rarest of all powers, the power of surrender?" Akin in spirit to his interest in human worth is the failure to dwell on the sordid details that seem important to so many of our novelists. Finally there is his recent preoccupation with the destiny of a people, as evidenced in the "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" and the stage production, "The Eternal Road."

These tendencies are all strongly marked in his latest novel, which undertakes the loftiest theme he has yet attempted, the divine mission of Jeremias the Prophet. In broad outline the narrative faithfully follows the biblical accounts of his life, although the author has filled in the historical framework considerably, adding a number of imaginative incidents. Among his major flights of fancy are a dream journey through the inferno of the Egyptian religion and the presence of Jeremias at the star-worship mysteries of the Babylonians. The book abounds in human touches and careful descriptions of the customs of the various peoples, but comparison of the Jeremias of Franz Werfel with the Joseph of Thomas Mann unmistakably discloses the essential difference in outlook between the author of "Hearken unto the Voice" and his merely humanistic contemporaries.

In addition to attempting a lofty theme Werfel has embarked on a difficult task in presenting an austere figure like Jeremias to the general novel-reading public. But though his protracted and colorful version of the prophet's life seems to flag at times, his bold project of presenting this severe and inscrutable historic figure in a realistic manner is remarkably successful. Despite continued rejection of his prophecies by the Jewish authorities and the scorn heaped upon him, the prophet's burning belief in his mission sweeps the reader along with him. Too intensely religious to achieve the popularity of the exciting chronicle of the defense of Musa Dagh, "Hearken unto the Voice" is so skilfully constructed and so deeply felt that out of the welter of pageantry and disaster emerges an impression that enables the reader to see why the life of Jeremias is traditionally held to prefigure the Passion of Our Redeemer.

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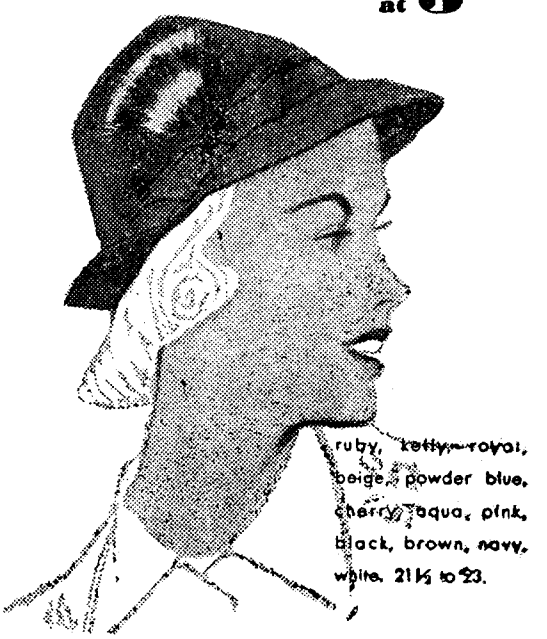

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Humorless

Louisa May Alcott, by Katharine Anthony. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

APPARENTLY there was no excuse for another book about Louisa May Alcott other than to psychoanalyze her, and the result of that process is disappointing almost to the point of resentfulness. Miss Anthony's obviously earnest, but surprisingly humorless treatment of her subject, her astonishing deductions and interpretations of passages in the letters, diaries, and other materials put the reader out of all patience with the "new biography." One wonders what in the world Miss Alcott herself would have thought of it.

One by one, our heroes and heroines have fallen victims to the microscope, but they might have spared us "Jo." Those of us who read and reread "Little Women" and all the rest from "Hospital Sketches" to "Lulu's Library" and loved them in spite of the fine print and dingy brown covers, have our own ideas of Louisa May Alcott. As one reviewer said of another of Miss Anthony's books, "It is her own Marie Antoinette," so this is Miss Anthony's Louisa May Alcott, not ours.

It is difficult to think of our long-legged, humorous, sensible Jo as filled with "sex-inhibitions," "thwarted maternal instincts" or the rest of the Freudian paraphernalia. It is trying to have the records in her diary interpreted as if she did not know what she herself meant, to have her love of reading called "insensate," and her simple straightforward statements invested with deep, hidden meanings or glossed over with sentimentality.

It is sheerest nonsense to call "Little Women" "a thrilling love story," to make so much of the "Laurie" relationship, and to insist upon finding a real prototype for Professor Bhaer, but to make poor Miss Alcott appear so positively silly in the affair of the Polish boy is to read unwarrantable meaning into her simple forthright words. Even "Marmee" does not escape; in fact she fares rather worse than Louisa.

The Anthony biography has been given a delightful format, but it would certainly have profited by more careful proofreading. Much of it is genuinely readable, especially when the writer sticks to facts, but those of us who have loved Louisa May Alcott and prefer to draw our own conclusions will probably continue to find the old Cheney "Life, Letters and Journals" the most genuinely satisfactory. "Jo" is still her own best biographer.

BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

Lloyd's Underwriters

Lloyd's: The Gentlemen at the Coffee-house, by Ralph Straus. New York: Carrick and Evans. $3.75.

THIS is popular history in the good sense of the word. Mr. Straus, a versatile fellow, educated at Harrow and Cambridge, here turns his hand to writing a popular account of one of Great Britain's most interesting institutions, Lloyd's of London. The author makes no pretense to adding anything to the knowledge of historians about Lloyd's. He candidly and correctly writes for the benefit of the intelligent layman who might like to read the story of the rise of the great insurance house, without all the critical apparatus necessary in a work of scholarship. Mr. Straus has used the leading secondary works published on Lloyd's and has also given evidence of acquaintance with the primary sources available in the archives of the house. The result is a sober narrative, filled with numerous citations from pertinent documents, a story that makes informative and pleasant reading, not because of any strained effort on the part of the author, but because of its own intrinsic merits.

Mr. Straus begins his history of Lloyd's with the first record of an attempt made to establish an insurance company in England when the Elizabethan, Richard Candeler, secured a patent in 1574. The most valuable part of the book is the seven chapters devoted to the evolution of Lloyd's from the coffee-house opened by Edward Lloyd in Tower Street, London, in 1686 or 1687 to the time when it ceased to be a group of underwriters banded together somewhat informally in a coffee-house and took on a more regular character with incorporation in 1871.

By way of criticism it may be said that the suggestion that Britain entered the War of the Austrian Succession in 1742 because of George II's Hanoverian interests (page 74) is to simplify overmuch. Moreover Mr. Straus is a bit confused in his chronology of the events connected with the wars of England at the time of the American Revolution. The Netherlands went to war with Britain in 1780, not early in 1778 (page 112). However, these are minor slips in a generally good book. The volume contains sixteen fine illustrations of persons and places associated with Lloyd's. There is an adequate index, but unfortunately no bibliography.

JOHN TRACY ELLIS.

New York's First Governor

His Excellency, George Clinton, by E. Wilder Spaulding. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS scholarly volume, whose sub-title is "A Critic of the Constitution," has been compiled by a former professor of history who is now assistant chief of the Division of Research and Publication in the United States Department of State. In a certain sense it is a sequel to Mr. E. Wilder Spaulding's "New York in the Critical Period," a study that portrays events in the future Empire State under the Articles of Confederation. Both books levied rich tribute upon the available manuscript sources, newspapers and primary printed material on early New York history.

George Clinton, the first Governor of New York State, gained the confidence and esteem of both George Washington and his fellow citizens in the Revolutionary War. From the outbreak of hostilities until the end of his life he never wavered in his loyalty to democratic principles and his hatred of Toryism. As a result the common people, especially those in the rural districts in the north and west of the State, entrusted him with seven terms in the State House. Neither an orator nor a pamphleteer

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he had "a prone and speechless dialect such as moves men."

As a politician he had few peers. And his nephew and secretary, DeWitt Clinton, carried on the family tradition. The outlines of "Republican," that is, Jeffersonian, policy, that were to culminate in restoration of full civic rights to Catholics in New York during the régime of DeWitt Clinton, are found in embryo in the support which the latter's uncle showed to immigrants and dissenters.

It is interesting to see how clearly New York liberalism in the true sense dates from the days of George Clinton and the leaders of the Revolution who were associated with him. The Alien and Sedition Acts were not favored by the Democratic party in state or nation.

In his clear exposition of military and political history the author does not neglect the human, domestic virtues of his subject. The General and Governor is depicted as an affectionate father, devoted husband and loyal, if somewhat inarticulate, friend. The letters of President Washington indicate that he prized his correspondence with George Clinton, only wishing that it had been more regular! Apparently, it was an easier, if not more agreeable, task to compose charming epistles to grandnieces and grandnephews. The papers of Charles Carroll show that he likewise enjoyed the convivial society of the New York Governor, whose ambition naturally looked to the White House but had to be satisfied with the Vice-Presidency of the Union.

The book is illustrated with some rare drawings, pictures and maps of early New York. The paper, type and binding are in keeping with the literary skill of the author.

JOSEPH F. THORNING.

Science and the Idea

The Pendulum Swings Back, by Marvin M. Black; with a Foreword by Dr. Charles A. Ellwood. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press. $2.00.

THIS spectacular title denotes a return of scientific-philosophic thought to consideration of the same type of problems that were the concern of intellectuals at the time of Saint Thomas Aquinas. The author's contention that ideas are inextricably intertwined with external reality bears a close relation to the Scholastic theory of Mitigated Realism, although he does not specifically describe it as such.

Combining a breadth of experience as a teacher and as a practical journalist, the author has packed into ten chapters a wealth of well-synthesized material that will prove invaluable to all serious students of science and philosophy. Clergyman, pedagogue and the advanced layman, each will find it stimulating.

The central issue of the book is divided into two interrelated themes: (1) That science, as a mechanistic method of data-accumulation, cannot solve the fundamental human problems which are its parent. That scientists, when they leave their laboratory, become no longer scientists but philosophers, dabbling in a realm in which they

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Next Week

DEEP IN AUSTRIA, by George N. Shuster! Mr. Shuster has been in Austria all winter and he sent us this paper immediately after the Berchtesgaden interview. It was written just before Hitler's Reichstag speech, but gives a background to that outpouring and its repercussions which we believe is unique. Deep in Austria, Austria can be more nearly understood. . . . EDNA MILLAY, by Katherine Burton, is a remarkably acute analysis of the country's foremost woman poet. Miss Burton, herself a renowned writer, approaches Miss Millay's poetry with recognition of its excellence but with an almost inevitable awareness of its bitterness and a genuine distress over the causes of this bitterness. Edna St. Vincent Millay has content to her poetry, as well as lovely song, and the first requires recognition just as much as the last. . . . CHURCH "WEALTH" IN SPAIN, by E. Allison Peers, goes to sources. It is not a polemic but an examination. Spanish Church property was confiscated in 1809, 1813, 1820, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1840, 1855, 1856 and 1868, as well as since 1931. The clergy and the Church in Spain simply were not rich, and this article can cooly and most interestingly prove it even to those with all-but-unassailable bias. . . . GENIUS OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Elizabeth S. Kite, assembles in vivid fashion Civil War and Reconstruction facts which shed light on a man whose place in our traditions is more ambiguous than it deserves to be. When William Tecumseh Sherman said "War is hell," he meant it, but he was no less earnest when he said, "I would scorn to trample on a fallen foe."

have not the least qualification. (2) That all study, especially fields of social phenomena, cannot be understood when pursued in piecemeal fashion; that the only way to understand the relation between facts of research and the problems of human welfare is to adopt the synoptic viewpoint: i. e., the cohesive, overview which relates findings with problems, not as isolated entities having value within themselves.

In this period when science has become identified by many with the *summum bonum,* this book will prove a salutary critic of the new sham faith in materialism. It maintains the dignity of philosophic method in harmony with a wealth of material taken from the organic and social sciences. "The Pendulum Swings Back" should not only serve as a handy reference for the student of contemporary psychological and philosophic questions, but for all those who wish to see the relation of science to fundamental human problems.

CARLO L. LASTRUCCI.

Pioneers

Blackrobe, by Charles Corcoran, S.J. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

SINCE Père Marquette emerged—not from obscurity, for his name and fame have been immortalized—but from the mists of unconcern, he has been very much to the front. Biographers and editors have dealt with him exhaustively. Now comes along a firmly written historical novel by the Reverend Charles Corcoran, S.J., which expands the little known as far as it will go, and wisely omits that which nobody knows.

The Indians in this book have that similarity which savages enjoy in fiction. The individual is lost, but the type stands clear. Their activities are well described, and there is an agreeable absence of squaws. The background of forest and river makes up to us for the lost details of domesticity.

Of Père Marquette the author has a perfectly clear understanding. Also of that incomparable pioneer, Louis Joliet, whom it is impossible to overpraise, and who has never been praised enough. He lived longer than Père Marquette, whose brief history has the clear-cut lines which puzzle no biographer, and affront no reader. Father Corcoran has preserved these lines with care. The physical weakness, the abounding cheerfulness, the love of field and forest, the greater love of God, the acceptance of hardships, the delight in success—these simple natural ingredients of life abound in this simple and natural narrative. And who has ever failed to sympathize with the two adventurers when, on June 17, 1673, their canoes were caught and whirled about on a "wilderness of waters," and they realized—while paddling furiously to save their necks—that their goal was won. Only the Mississippi could have waves so long and shores so distant. Only the Mississippi, fed by many tributaries, could have so strong and swift a current. The River of Mystery was a mystery no longer. It was on its way to be the friend and servant of civilization.

AGNES REPPLIER.

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Briefer Mention

A History of Argentina, by Ricardo Levene; translated and edited by W. S. Robertson. Chapel Hill, N. C.: The University of North Carolina Press. $4.00. This volume of the Inter-American Historical Series is, like the others, written by a scholar of the nation it treats. The approach evidences sincere efforts at objectivity but a very perceptible liberalistic bias, and perhaps the "translated" language adds to the archaic tone. Somewhat confusingly departmentalized, the book does inform the reader greatly about the sweep of Argentine history, especially the colonial era and the "critical period" between independence and national organization.

Revolt U.S.A., by Lamar Middleton. New York: Stackpole Sons. $3.00. For those who like to discuss academic questions about our national character, the first chapter may hold their attention. For the rest there are ten interesting passages, about our rebellious character. They ably portray our ancestors in their varied struggles to right wrongs inflicted upon them by those in power.

Letters to a Friend, by Winifred Holtby. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50. Having served in France during the war as a member of the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps the author, one of England's popular novelists who died in 1935, kept alive a friendship that grew out of that experience by writing joyfully and vividly of her varied youthful experiences in post-war days.

Plato, by Lane Cooper. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50. An excellent translation of four dialogues and a portion of the "Republic" and the "Laws" which should appeal strongly to those interested in eloquence, the principles of art, or esthetics.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. John P. McCaffrey is chaplain at Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y.

Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., writer, preacher and lecturer, is the author of "The Mind of the Missal."

William Everett Cram is a New Hampshire farmer and writer whose books include "Little Beasts of Field and Wood" and "American Animals."

Rev. Hugh McCarron, S. J., is the author of "Realization."

Ernest A. Dewey is on the staff of the *News* and the *Herald* of Hutchinson, Kan.

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John Tracy Ellis is a member of the department of history in the Catholic University of America.

Rev. Joseph F. Thorning is professor of sociology and social history at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and author of many books.

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